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NEW STATESMAN

Peter Wilby
Education and Equality
Paedophilia: The Forbidden Subject
Profile of Kerry Packer
Clive James: Richard Ingrams
V. S. Pritchett: The Fields Beneath Kentish Town
Grey Gowrie recalls Robert Lowell

Ambassador College
NOV 29 1977
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An End to Audacity

It seems, after all, that the National Executive Committee of the Labour Party is going to overcome its distaste and allow next month's conference to debate the proposal for reselection of parliamentary candidates – including sitting MPs – between each general election. The 90 resolutions tabled by constituency parties reveal the strength of feeling on this issue; indeed, almost the only people who are passionately against it are the MPs who have assumed their original selection, maybe 20 or 30 years ago, to guarantee them a cushy billet for life.

When one considers it rationally, this claim embodies an extraordinary arrogance. An MP is not entering a professional career with fixed duties, like a civil servant. He has neither served an apprenticeship, like a carpenter or an engineer, nor passed qualifying examinations, like a doctor or a lawyer. He owes his position to a majority vote among delegates to a selection conference who approve of his personality and his opinions. They (or those who, through democratic process, succeed them) may well find after a time that his personality has become less amiable and his opinions less representative. There is no warrant in sense or logic for the idea that he may behave as he chooses, change his views at will, get blithely out of touch with the people on whose canvassing efforts he relied, and still reckon on term after term as candidate and MP. But, since democracy came into the world we have learnt that, created to oppose privilege, it can all too easily generate privileges of its own. Walt Whitman, democracy's most fervent devotee, saw the point as well as anyone. Listing the attributes of the ideal society, he described it as one 'where the populace rises at once against the never-ending audacity of elected persons'.

There is another consideration of some importance. People are valued, especially by the younger generation, according to their ability to revise attitudes in the light of experience. It is not a matter of trendiness, or of servitude to the latest opinion poll, but of mental flexibility. Inevitably, however, this quality is attenuated by age. It is a matter for real concern that Labour MPs as a body are older than their opponents. When the Commons assembled after the last election, there were six Labour MPs and no Tories over the age of 70; 55 Labour MPs and 24 Tories over the age of 60. (To be fair, there were 36 Labour MPs and only 15 Tories under the age of 35 – the problem was not the exclusion of youth, but the indefinite retention of the middle-aged.) Constituency delegates have a perfect right to tell an MP that the time has come for retirement, even when he has rendered valuable service. Indeed, when they do so they perform an essential duty.

We very much hope, then, that regular reselection will become party practice. But two caveats are in order. The constituency party that dismisses its MP should do so for good reasons. An MP whose general outlook is in contradiction to policies in which his supporters believe, or to the accepted conception of socialism, has no case for clinging to his position. To dismiss an MP who has refused to conform to majority views on a single issue would be a very different matter. Worst of all is the dismissal of an MP for reasons that are not brought into the open, from motives of prejudice, and from disapproval of his or her private life. The current case of Mrs Maureen Colquhoun leaves an extremely bad taste in the mouth. And secondly, a decision whose whole meaning is that it extends democratic control must be reached by genuinely democratic processes. These do not include the calling of snap votes at meetings with small attendances, nor the twisting of party rules to secure the appointment of delegates who in fact represent nobody.

It would be right to use this opportunity to overhaul the antiquated and illogical structure of the General Management Committee, and at least to examine new methods of selecting candidates – perhaps by plenary meetings of all party members, perhaps by postal ballot. Regular reselection might revive activity at the grass roots and attract recruits into the dwindling ranks. Heaven knows, Labour needs both.

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Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

Hullo to the Labour Party

It is useful to be able to distinguish between what is happening to oneself and what is happening to the rest of the world, between exterior and interior events. Have I been struck blind, for instance, or have the lights been turned out? Is the room spinning round, or am I drunk? Is my train leaving the station, or is the station leaving my train? In the last case, we often write as if the station *does* leave the train: 'London receded, the suburbs sped past him, the telegraph poles flashed by . . .' But imagine a man who, sitting in his compartment, really thought that the whole of nature was on the move. Would he not be terrified by the experience? And would it not be kind to explain to such a man that the signal boxes have not suddenly taken it into their heads to go rushing away? In the Fifties there was once an earth tremor in England, and I remember that a man in our village thought he had suffered a heart attack. He was reassured to be told what had happened. Should we not reassure Paul Johnson? Should we not say, 'The Labour Party is not dragging the country towards Gulag or Auschwitz; it's merely that you, old boy, are getting a little long in the tooth'?

Such a distinction will undoubtedly be difficult for Johnson to grasp. So powerful is the shaping force of his imagination, he regularly projects on to the world about him qualities that should properly be ascribed to himself. In a recent article on painting (*Daily Telegraph*, 27 August) one could see this process at its simplest. Because Johnson found certain materials difficult to use, he asserted that the materials themselves were at fault. Pastels were messy, crumbly and inefficient. A soft pencil was 'a clumsy and unsatisfactory instrument'. Canvas had always seemed to Johnson to be 'a very primitive and clumsy surface' (clumsy again – always the material must be clumsy, not the hand at work). As for drawing in ink, alas, 'nobody had then devised a satisfactory nib'. Charcoal? 'I defy anyone to draw accurately with charcoal, or to get any pleasure from using it.' The only possible artistic implements, it turned out, were ballpoint and felt-tip pens, and 'a new and exceptionally fluent black thin-line pencil called a Berol, which operates well on slightly greasy surfaces where the Bic gives trouble'. Poor old Rembrandt, born before the Berol. Johnson had some good words to say about watercolours, but it is instructive to see what happens when he loses control. Once again, the picture is at fault: 'nothing can be more sickening, even enraging, than a watercolour going wrong, slipping out of control by the second, and slithering remorselessly into failure and abandonment.'

So now the Labour Party is behaving like a watercolour, and slithering remorselessly into failure and abandonment, and Johnson himself, operating well on those slightly greasy surfaces where the Bic gives trouble, has decided to tear it off the pad, screw it up into a tiny ball and chuck it away. But I think we are entitled to ask whether the failure in question is really that of the Labour Party, or whether there is not a simpler explanation. Might it not be that Johnson has become a Tory? Remember the questions posed by Father Brown? Where does a wise man hide a pebble? On a beach. Where does a wise man hide a corpse? On a battlefield. Where does a wise man hide his defection? In the general collapse of the party he formerly espoused. There have been many reactions to last week's article, but I do not think that anyone had been particularly surprised by it. If a man spends several years swanning around in fishnet tights, with false eyelashes, a blonde wig and a Lurex leotard, he should not expect his friends to sit up, or to fall about in amazement, at the announcement that he has 'come out'. The appropriate reaction, I should say, is sympathy and relief. Dear old Paul, at last he has come to terms with his real nature.

There are two courses a defector can take. On the one hand, he can make an earnest and humiliating confession of his former errors. But if he does this he is liable to incur the scorn of those whose party he is joining. A man who gets up and repudiates his former self will win no real friends, for the very good reason that his potential friends will doubt the self-respect of a public penitent. If he has changed track once, they will say, he can do so again. The second course is to level all kinds of accusations against his former friends. This will work well if the accusations are believable, and this is the course which Johnson has taken. But how believable are the charges?

There is much detail in Johnson's article with which it is difficult to disagree. But the whole thing, in my view, makes no sense at all. It is like that Hogarth exercise in nonsense perspective, in which a fishing-rod in the foreground miraculously dangles its line into a lake several miles away. Here in the foreground is an argument from Monod to the effect that Marxism is not scientific, while there in the middle distance we are asked to accept Trotsky's authority on a point about individualism. There are some marvellous *trompe l'oeil* effects: Shirley Williams seems to be committing acts of violence on the Grunwick picket-line. Best of all, because Callaghan must appear, with Foot, to be the real villain of the piece (in order to explain why Johnson feels he has to leave *now*), we are offered a portrait of Harold Wilson as quite a little hero in his own way, with 'a perky individualistic spirit of his own, and a genuine reluctance to see people pushed around'. Johnson seriously suggests that the reason Wilson resigned had much to do with disgust at the way things were going. In another mood, in another article, Johnson might feel at liberty to say, on the contrary, that the only individual Wilson was interested in was Harold Wilson. He might feel that his tag from Bacon, about cunning men passing for wise, applied much more to Wilson's behaviour over, for instance, the Common Market, than to Callaghan's over *In Place of Strife*.

In another mood. It must have been in the throes of another mood that Paul Johnson wrote his open letter to Tony Benn (NS 27 May) calling on him to resign now in order in future to become leader of the Labour Party. Was this a deliberate incitement to sabotage? Or was Johnson seriously considering the best interests of the party? Was it, oh dear, the failure of Benn to respond which finally made up Johnson's mind for him? Certainly for connoisseurs of nonsense politics it was a rare pleasure to find Johnson praising Benn so generously, when Benn himself believes that the 'partnership' between the unions and the Government has been the most important and praiseworthy feature of this administration. Benn may have several criticisms of the Callaghan regime (indeed, he does), but he willingly confesses that he finds it infinitely preferable to that of the heroic little friend of the underdog, Harold Wilson.

The reason why Paul Johnson writes such nonsense is simply that he has not yet properly admitted that he is a Tory. He is like a man painting a picture while he is still struggling to put up his easel. Certainly, to admit one has changed one's mind can be a humiliating business, and I do sympathise with Johnson's predicament. But a man should act in accordance with his beliefs. Johnson should join the Tory Party, and I realise that it's about time that I joined the Labour Party. I know it in my intellect. I feel it in my bones. It feels pretty awful, I may say, but I do not doubt that I shall get used to it in time. The dawn has broken. The eastern sky is promising and pink. There are no clouds, only, here and there, a few messy streaks of what looks uncommonly like Berol, as if some eccentric artist has been doodling in the firmament. The birds are singing. It is time to strike camp. And, whatever initial reluctance I may feel, I do intend to travel every miserable inch along that fearful road.

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Naomi Shepherd

Israel's Ill-Fated Gamble

Moshe Dayan has gone to the General Assembly in New York this week equipped with a ceremonial sword and a dentist's probe. The sword is the formal elaboration of terms Israel would regard as acceptable in a full dress peace treaty. The dentist's probe will be Dayan's own efforts to ascertain the weak spots in Arab unity and to calculate whether offers of substantial slices of Sinai to Egypt will avert the eruption of another war.

For Mr Carter's blunderings in the corridors of the Levant and Mr Begin's dead-end rhetoric will not lead to Geneva. To recap briefly: It is understandable that Saudi Arabia should want the PLO radicals usefully occupied in running a West Bank state, and say as much to Cyrus Vance; less sensible of Mr Carter to back separate PLO participation at Geneva; and downright clumsy simultaneously to float the idea of an Israel-Jordan trusteeship over the West Bank. But this is the year in which everyone looks back nostalgically to 1947. Mr Begin wants to rewrite the history of the partition of Palestine and Mr Carter, following British precedent, promises the same area to two parties at once.

Now read on: Mr Dayan thus has become the man most fitted to pull both Mr Carter and Mr Begin's chestnuts out of the fire, to say nothing of those of President Sadat. For Mr Dayan, unencumbered by Mr Carter's simple faith or by Mr Begin's messianic creed, or indeed by any political loyalties of his own, has suddenly been promoted to a key role: which is quietly to bypass the total settlement idea and refloat the system of partial agreements.

No one should be more grateful if he succeeds than Mr Begin, whose popularity at home has passed its peak and whose image as a decisive leader was about to be put to its most acid test. For the problem with Mr Begin is not that he is a right-wing authoritarian, or a fanatic, or even that he talks too much – but something more elementary. Mr Begin is a bluffer. He promises more than he can deliver.

The cost of Mr Begin's policy to Israel during the three and a half months of his premiership has been to accelerate, dramatically, the process of American-Israeli estrangement, leading to Israel's near-isolation from her Western European friends where foreign policy is concerned: witness the formal protests of both the Common Market Nine and the Scandinavian foreign ministers against Israeli settlements on the West Bank and their support for the idea of a separate Palestinian state. As against this loss of support, Mr Begin has as yet nothing to offer.

He has openly renounced Labour's policy of working for prior backing from the United States regarding Israel's negotiating positions with the Arab states. Yet he expects America to continue providing its good services as intermediary, as well as economic and military aid. To Israelis who challenge this line, he argues that Israel must win support from the American public over the head of the Administration by a propaganda war. But to have any validity at all, Mr Begin's appeal would have to be directed from a last-ditch situation, and Mr Carter is clearly anxious to avoid the kind of downstage fight Mr Begin welcomes. The propaganda war so far has had no effect and though Mr Begin has dropped one argument – that handing captured Russian arms to the Pentagon was Israel's vital contribution to American security – he continues to ignore every setback. Moreover he

'Come up and see me sometime!'

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has misrepresented his encounters with both Carter and Romania's Ceascescu as unprecedented in their warmth and intimacy. Mr Dayan is at least more honest in saying, as he did last week, that the Government would not sacrifice Israel's vital interests for the sake of a good press. But Mr Begin is surely aware that political allies are as vital to Israel's interests as defensible borders. So how much of his defiant stand is in fact pointless provocation?

The main points of dissent between Israel on the one hand and the United States and Western Europe on the other are Mr Begin's promise to colonise heavily in the West Bank and his denial of any political status to the Palestinians. But on the first point, can Mr Begin in fact deliver? Most of the 77 settlements set up since 1967 on the West Bank were established by Labour-affiliated movements or those of the National Religious Party. Mr Begin's Herut and its partner the Liberals, urban-based movements with no trained cadres of agricultural settlers, are scarcely represented over the old border. And the main settler potential remains in Labour-affiliated movements who oppose the kind of settlement project that will make any mooted withdrawal impossible.

Defensive Settlements

There are today two settlement plans under consideration for the next 15-20 years. One was drawn up by the World Zionist Organisation, until 1970 sole architects of rural planning, since then co-members in the Knesset ministerial committee, and Mr Begin's Minister of Agriculture. There are two clear differences between Labour's settlements and those planned by the Likud. A glance at the map of post-1967 Israel shows that the majority of settlements would allow for substantial withdrawals from the West Bank, the area which is at the heart of the present territorial conflict, to something near the old border, with the 'minor rectifications' suggested by the United States. It would also leave a narrow strategic zone of settlements along the Jordan river which Israel has throughout insisted must be the front line of her defence. General Sharon's plan, outlined in an ops room briefing on Israeli television last week, would make withdrawal impossible and also prevents any territorial continuity between lands owned by Palestinian Arabs in the area. This is, of course, in line with the Likud thinking which negates any Arab sovereignty in the West Bank.

But there is another, perhaps more important difference. The Sharon plan in its entirety is postulated on the settlement of 2 million Israelis between the Golan Heights and South Sinai by the end of this century; this assumes that the Jewish population of Israel will double during this period and that one-third of it will volunteer to colonise the territories. This is sheer nonsense. The only possible source of such growth would be immigration – but there were only 21,000 immigrants this year, or about equal to the number of emigrants. There are today fewer than 10,000 Israelis, by General Sharon's own count, in the settlements over the 1967 borders; and even the maverick 'Gush Emunim' group, who are now threatening Mr Begin with unilateral action if he does not sanction their immediate dispersal over the length and breadth of the West Bank, number at most a few hundred families. If the presence of a handful of Israel settlers is intended to stake a claim to front lines in future wars, numbers are unimportant – though such isolated groups would surely be a liability in every conventional military sense. But the Likud's purpose is to establish the right to continuous Jewish settlement with self-evident claims to tenure. Thus the Sharon plan is a piece of sheer bluff, perhaps intended to frighten Mr Carter, which will earn Israel the maximum criticism while actually enjoying the minimum credibility – and Mr Begin knows it.

Or take Mr Begin's decision to offer 'Equal Service' throughout the territories, presented as a 'humanitarian' move. Without going into the question of whether forcing Palestinian Arabs to accept Israeli hospitals, drains, electricity and so on will gain grateful political converts – a myth surely now exploded – there are two other related points. The Israeli taxpayer, already restive over the proposal to cut back child allowances as the forerunner of other economies in the social services, is not going to foot the bill. The mayors of the main towns in the occupied territories are already in receipt of money from the Arab states for developing services, and the Government proposal to levy taxes from the local population was met with the derision it deserves. The incident is useful only to illustrate the possible difficulties Mr Begin would face in carrying out annexation disguised as something else.

Unchanging Loyalty

On the domestic front, Mr Begin has had to date no serious challenge to his credibility where economic policy is concerned. His Finance Minister has devoted himself to implementing the policies of his Labour predecessor, Mr Rabinowitz, and, ironically enough, has so far had no clash with the Histadrut. He has chopped more than 3 per cent off the inflated subsidies on basic foodstuffs. An attempt to transfer Israel's government owned Mortgage Bank and Housing Company to private hands is barely underway.

Mr Begin's main problem, however, is to prove that he has graduated from factional to national leader. And here he has recently shown that, just as in foreign policy, he is governed by the traumas of the Thirties and Forties, his personal loyalties of those years and his unchanging devotion to the idea of Greater Israel are likely to override his responsibilities to the country as a whole.

In line with this earlier pronouncement that no mere premiership could complete in importance with his old command of the pre-state IZL, he has now given two top jobs to old friends, one of whom, Mr Amichai Paglin, has been appointed special adviser on anti-terrorist affairs. Mr Paglin has had no military post since 1948 and is politically inexperienced; moreover, he was recently convicted of shipping arms to Rabbi Kahana of the Jewish Defence League in New York. Despite reassurances that there would be no political takeover of the civil service, there have been half-a-dozen obviously political appointments. Most important however was a startling breach between the professed aims and actual behaviour of the Likud Government: the release of Mr Yehoshua Enzion of the Israel Britannia Bank, after serving only two years of a 12-year sentence for the theft of more than £3m. sterling, Israel's largest economic crime ever. Mr Begin's unconstitutional behaviour in usurping the President's prerogative of commuting prison sentences has earned him rebukes from eminent judges as well as in the Knesset and the press. The latter has pointed out that Mr Enzion, as a supporter of the 'Greater Israel' cause, had close ties with Mr Begin – who had already pressed for his release last year. As the Likud Government has taken it on itself to investigate and eliminate organised crime, this indicates once more that despite his own unquestioned personal integrity Mr Begin lacks credibility as a national leader.

Labour Disarray

If Mr Begin looks like the spokesman of Israeli opinion, it is not because of a genuine consensus but because of the unprecedented shakeup and confusion in traditional political alliances since the Yom Kippur war. The Labour Party is not able to rally from its defeat. The latent divisions of political opinion papered over while the party was in power are splitting it apart, with Mapam and some sections of Labour going one way, others rumoured as favouring a centre bloc coalition with the DMC, the younger elements in open revolt, and Mr Dayan drawing a group of Labour supporters to his 'open debating forum' last week. Mr Begin thus managed to outmanoeuvre a demoralised Labour Party and a disarrayed DMC into supporting a resolution last month rejecting all negotiations with the PLO, though both parties had previously argued that the motion could not be discussed in isolation from other diplomatic options. In these shifting political sands, Mr Begin has found it easy to play on every hidden fear in Israeli society, which he sees as embattled against an anti-semitic and hostile world. In this heroic stance, there is no need to face unpleasant realities: that Israel may have to survive in its present demographic dimensions, that in, and after, a future war Israel will need the support of the United States, that Palestinian nationalism is a force to be reckoned with, that retaining the West Bank means the end of Israeli democracy. But, Mr Begin may have reached the end of his verbal rope, and to see where Israel can go next it is instructive to listen to Mr Dayan, who does not try to gloss over Israel's breach with Washington or boast of consensus where none exists but rather to seek *ad hoc* solutions to immediate problems. If he succeeds he will provide Mr Begin with a fall-back position. If he fails, he will become the fall guy.

Dayan has taken to New York proposals for a partial withdrawal on the Golan which is sure to be rejected by the Syrians, and a refusal to yield sovereignty on the West Bank which will be rejected by everybody. He may, however, have convinced King

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Hussein to press Mr Carter to drop the separate Palestine homeland idea, which would allow President Sadat to move closer to Hussein. Where Egypt is concerned Dayan has long been convinced that Cairo can be bought out of the war game with territory, and with this achieved, some compromise with Jordan over the West Bank might be found. This looks like a very long shot, but for both Begin and Dayan it is the only alternative to a war which can profit neither of them. New York is the first step to calling Mr Begin's bluff.

Jerusalem

Alexander Cockburn

The 'Son of Sam' Election

It is usually regarded as proper to downplay the role of the individual assassin in history. But when we come to measuring the influence of 'Son of Sam' on the politics of New York City I'm not sure. An exception – merely proving the rule, of course – may have to be made. For a year this psychopath terrorised the outer boroughs of New York. He killed, and each time he did so he compounded the fearful resentment and hysteria of people being asked – last week, next Monday and finally next November – to elect a new mayor. 'Son of Sam' made capital punishment an issue, and this issue may well be the one to propel Ed Koch into Gracie Mansion.

Who is Ed Koch? you may well ask. And that was the way it was for Ed Koch in his own city only two months ago. Not unknown exactly, but dismissed by all political odds-makers as a liberal Jewish Congressman from the East Side of Manhattan who had no chance of even surviving the first Democratic primary, which took place last week. Experts saw it more or less as a three-cornered affair, with incumbent Abe Beame, Bella Abzug and Governor Hugh Carey's candidate Mario Cuomo battling to finish either first or second and thus go into the run-off, which occurs next Monday. The winner will be the Democratic candidate and thus virtually assured of triumph next November.

Last Thursday Koch finished first and Mario Cuomo second. Now one of the things about Ed Koch – reputed liberal though he may be – is that he favours capital punishment. Quite a while ago he voted in Congress in favour of the death penalty for terrorists and other high-profile malefactors. Still, as a 'burn 'em' man this middle-aged bachelor who represents John Lindsay's old 'silk stocking' district was not in the same league as, say, Police Chief Davis of Los Angeles (running for the governorship there) who wants to hang hijackers on the airstrip without further ado. And, in Manhattan, Koch did not notably push his views on the death penalty. But in Queens and Brooklyn and the outer boroughs it became a different story. 'Hands up who's in favour of capital punishment,' he would shout at the audiences, and shoot his hand up as he did so. In a city smouldering over 'Son of Sam' (who, under the name of the accused, David Berkowitz, may never come to trial) this kind of talk was bound to go down well.

Koch began to move up in the polls, and then a very nice thing happened to him. He received a ringing front-page endorsement from Rupert Murdoch's *New York Post*. It is thought by many that Murdoch was much piqued by the *New York Times*'s early endorsement of Mario Cuomo, a man the *Post* had been assiduously promoting in the early part of the summer. It is also possible that Murdoch got along well with David Garth, Koch's political manager and Svengali and a man who previously engineered electoral victories for John Lindsay, John Tunney, Brendan Byrne and Hugh Carey. At any rate the *Post* went for broke on Koch, with a verve that has left New Yorkers somewhat stunned. Koch, in the image fashioned by Garth and by the *Post*, is the decisive person who will not shirk the city's problems (i.e. more cutbacks) or knuckle under to the 'special interests' (i.e. the municipal unions). Business likes Koch and labour does not.

All through the Sixties Koch was more or less the quintessential New York liberal politician. Originally, in the late Fifties, a member of Tammany boss Carmine De Sapio's club, he switched to a Reform Democratic club, beat De Sapio's district leader and finally took Lindsay's congressional seat in 1968. His record on civil rights and the war in Vietnam were both very respectable – always within the context of hostility to the Left: he would not join marches in which communists were participating, even though these marches were led by George McGovern and other prominent anti-war politicians.

But on most liberal issues he was creditable until the Forest Hills housing dispute in 1972, which pitted Jewish residents of the area against blacks to be moved there in a housing project. Koch pandered vigorously to anti-black sentiment – a year before he ran badly against Beame in the last mayoral election. His positions on crime and punishment hardened up, until now he is yet another specimen of a very familiar breed on the US political scene – the centre-right liberal: hawkish on foreign policy, ultra-pro-Israel (unsurprisingly, in this city), fiscally conservative.

But is it a 'centre-right' election? Bella Abzug, certainly the most radical of all the candidates, lost badly in the first round last week. Poor Bella. She left her House seat to run for the Senate, lost that. Now she has lost the mayoral race and possibly must start at the bottom again, running perhaps for Koch's congressional seat if he wins the mayoralty.

And Koch's opponent is Mario Cuomo, certainly no radical, whose patchy support stretches from ethnic blue-collar conservatives to liberals depressed by Koch's play with the death penalty issue (the irony here being that the Mayor has little to do with restoration of capital punishment, since the matter is in the hands of the State Assembly and the Governor, who has presently vetoed it).

Winning the mayoralty in New York means making a lot of promises. In the crucial amassing of endorsements Koch has certainly been lavish – giving undertakings to the politicians in Brooklyn, to Herman Badillo, to the leading Puerto Rican politicians, to important business interests. Only to the labour unions has he promised nothing. If Koch wins in November, the city could see some strikes next year.

It has not, given the prominence of the death issue, been a stimulating campaign, nor one in which any rousing thesis on what should happen to a declining major city has gained much of a hearing. If Koch wins, the same interests that have run the city will continue to run it, and the Reform Democratic politics of the early Sixties will remain comfortably accommodated to the status quo. If Cuomo were to win, the status quo would not receive too much of a dent either. And, of course, the status quo is what has brought the city to its knees. Essentially, this status quo is staggering unemployment among the minorities and a relentless decline in services.

As Cuomo himself aptly said. 'The electric chair cannot produce jobs for the poor.' But he did not win important votes by saying it. A recent poll shows that a large majority of whites think that the minorities should be well satisfied with what they have got – which is, in fact, mostly nothing. As I said, the campaign has not been stimulating – nor has the overall context, which is not of an Administration wondering how to rescue the poor, but one presently ruminating whether Bert Lance will drag down Carter with him. So much for the new New Deal.

New York

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Peter Wilby

Education and Equality

The attempt to achieve a more equal and a more just society through strategies of educational reform has been, throughout the Western world, the major social engineering project of our age. It could be called the Titanic of the social services. No other induced social change has attracted quite the same degree of liberal enthusiasm and faith and vision. Of the 1944 Education Act, Mrs Jean Floud wrote: 'It constitutes a promise of change in the nature and distribution of educational opportunity which, if it materialises, will almost certainly be accompanied by considerable changes both in the social hierarchy of occupations and in the degree of mobility within and between occupations.' Of the comprehensive school, the late C.A.R. Crosland wrote in 1956: 'All schools will more and more be socially mixed; all will provide routes to the Universities and to every type of occupation, from the highest to the lowest . . . Then, very slowly Britain may cease to be the most class-ridden country in the world.' Twenty years later, such statements sound absurdly innocent like their contemporaries which celebrated the new Elizabethan age or the birth of a Commonwealth of nations. As one cynic has remarked, reforming schools has become like rearranging the furniture on the Titanic.

The liberal approach started from the implicit assumption that the existing social structure was immutable. Educational reform was a means both of ameliorating its more brutal inequalities and of legitimising the inequalities that remained. Equality of access to education would ultimately ensure equality of access to the highest social positions and rewards. At the same time, a wider spread of skills and qualifications through the population would increase the economic bargaining power of the unskilled and the unqualified by giving them a scarcity value.

There was another leg to the liberal argument, which is less often understood. The removal of class barriers to educational success would enable the nation to realise and utilise the full natural talents of its people. A highly educated and skilled workforce would then maximise economic growth. And this growth, in turn, would provide the increased resources required to raise the living standards of the poorer sections of the population, while conveniently allowing the already privileged to remain where they were. Crosland's ladder analogy – the middle classes, by rejecting economic growth, should not attempt to pull the ladder up after them – remains the most apt. Proposals that anyone should climb down the ladder had no place in the liberal scenario.

It is frequently suggested that designing education for equality and designing education for national wealth are somehow opposed, that once we have called off our romance with the former we can get on unsentimentally with the latter. On the contrary, the belief that education would prime economic growth was an essential element in the liberal faith that more education would mean more equality. The two ideas were really one idea. The theories of compensatory education (giving extra educational resources to deprived children to compensate for environment) and of education as investment in 'human capital' enjoyed simultaneous popularity in the 1960s. The great educational reports of that era – Crowther, Robbins, Newsom, Plowden – expressed, with their different emphasis, this consistent liberal philosophy. The 1964-70 Labour Government – and notably the ministerial tenures of Tony Crosland and Edward Short – marked its apotheosis.

The essential difference between the 1960s' model of educational inequality and earlier models was its emphasis on environment. The old-fashioned reformer assumed that intelligence was fixed at birth (though randomly distributed through the social classes) and that, if all children could be given an equally good education, all would make use of their full quotas of ability. Thus, educational achievement, like intelligence, would soon be distributed randomly through the social classes. When this turned out not to be so, it was decided that intelligence (or, at least, ability to realise intelligence) must be determined by home environment. Schools must, therefore, 'compensate' for environment. Investment in schools would at once be investment in greater national prosperity and greater social equality. The theories of Basil Bernstein (or, rather, what people thought Bernstein's theories were) conveniently embroided the new liberal perspective. According to Bernstein, the working-class child's speech was limited to the description of the immediate and the concrete – it was a 'restricted code'. The middle-class child, however, was more accustomed to explaining underlying principles and causes – his was an 'elaborated code'. Thus, the child at the bottom of the class was no longer stupid; he was linguistically deprived.

Educational equality was an attempt to achieve social change by proxy. More and better education was more politically palatable and less socially disruptive than direct measures of tackling inequality. So was economic growth. Even the most complacently privileged could hardly object to children attending better schools and to the nation producing more wealth. Equality of educational opportunity had an altogether more agreeable ring to it than any other form of equality, such as equality of income or equality of property. With its overtones of self-improvement, it could even appeal to the more conservative elements in society. Its beauty was that, while many must gain, it did not imply that any must lose. Ugly words such as redistribution and expropriation did not apply to education – or nobody thought they applied. Education was a cornucopia, so prolific of good things that nobody would need any longer to ask awkward questions about who got what.

The package failed on several counts. First, equality of access to education did not guarantee equality of outcomes. The relation between social background and educational attainment – what Eric Midwinter has called 'the iron law of social class' – has proved far more intractable than anyone believed. Spending more money on education, it turned out, simply meant spending more money on the already advantaged. The effect of expanding higher education in the 20 years after the war was to get an extra 1.5 per cent of children from the unskilled working-classes into the universities, while an extra 13 per cent of upper middle-class children got in. Such extra social mobility as has been achieved in Britain in the recent past is almost entirely the result of changes in the occupational structure. More people from working-class backgrounds have found their way into professional and white-collar jobs because the number of such jobs has increased. Beyond that, there has been no increase in mobility at all. There has been no significant increase in the social 'openness' of elite groups this century, in this or in any other Western country. There has been no decrease in the correlation between the occupational status of fathers and sons. And the relative position in income of the bottom one-tenth of manual workers has not changed in 90 years, despite increases in the length of compulsory schooling.

It is worth reiterating that none of the Western industrialised nations (with, possibly, the peculiar exception of Israel) can improve significantly on these gloomy conclusions. From Melbourne to Montreal, from Boston to Bonn, the message is the same. There is nothing so astounding and so depressing as the way in which, for example, the British and American systems of education – so different in their historical conception and evolution – have had almost precisely the same results, in terms of the failure to reduce social class disadvantages. (None of this is to deny that there is a great deal of social mobility in Western societies, that, as far as the individual is concerned, the iron law of social class, is of little or no importance. The best analogy is with horse racing, another area in which there is argument over the respective importance of breeding, training and other variables. The favourite, more often than not, will beat the 20-1 outsiders. Yet the outcome of any particular race remains entirely unpredictable.)

The second failure of the liberal package

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Truth will in.

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is that it has not significantly increased the market value of unskilled and unqualified labour. For one thing, the decrease in the availability of unskilled labour has been paralleled by a decrease in the demand for it. For another, the more people possess a particular qualification, the greater the premium on a still higher qualification. Those with the lowest qualifications become, so to speak, honorary members of the unqualified. Below grade one (which is equivalent, in any case, to an O level) the possession of a CSE confers no advantage in earnings over those with no school-leaving qualifications at all.

Heretic Yearnings

The third failure is that it is now apparent that meritocracy does not and cannot legitimise the social structure. Inequality was not made more palatable when everyone had the chance to take the 11-plus. Nor is it made more so by the comprehensive school. As Mr Peregrine Worsthorne is fond of pointing out, educational or social failure is bearable when it is thought to be the result of accident of birth. It is infinitely less so when it is seen as the consequence of personal shortcomings. Equality of opportunity is all very well if you are good at seizing opportunities.

The fourth failure is that educational equality proved to be less agreeable to the privileged classes than had been hoped. If redistribution of wealth raised the spectre of the lower social orders moving in next door, educational reorganisation was worse. The children came back from school (perhaps with friends) to drop aitches and four-letter words around your own home. Even the monied left – the strongest supporters of educational reform – encountered unsuspected pitfalls. Their children were bullied for their posh accents or they picked up working-class fascist attitudes or they lost interest in their violin lessons. Their hearts began to nurture heretic yearnings for private education. More Hampstead consciences have been examined over this issue than over any other contemporary problem.

The fifth failure of the liberal package is that the connection between increased education and economic growth remains obstinately unproven. The 'human capital' argument has lost its former conviction. Naturally, it can be shown that those with high educational attainment have high earnings but the causal relationship is elusive. The evidence that general education (as opposed to specific skill training) increases individual productivity is thin, as is the evidence that investment in education is correlated with national rates of growth.

These failures, in their various ways, contribute to our contemporary disillusion with education. It may be argued that compensatory education, as a relative newcomer to the scene, offers more hope. Alas, there is little evidence that the main variables in school environments, such as expenditure, teacher qualifications and class size, have any consistent effect on attainment. Both Project Headstart in the United States and the educational priority area experiments in this country had disappointing results, even though the former was not quite as ineffective as the early reports suggested. An OECD study of the American experience concluded that attempts to solve problems of educational deprivation

> have been forced to go further and further outside the educational system, as the ramifications of the initial problem are uncovered . . . These developments indicate that a purely educational response to the initial problem is unlikely to be successful. Educational under-achievement is seen to be merely one manifestation of a number of social and economic disparities experienced by disadvantaged groups.

Our 20th-century pursuit of educational equality recalls a science fiction story in which a man, married to an over-dominant woman, was afflicted by reverse growth. Passing through the successive stages of teenager, schoolboy, toddler and babe-in-arms, he ended by disappearing into his wife's womb. Likewise, our 20th-century liberals rejecting the belief that ability and economic success were hereditary, chased the roots of inequality through higher, secondary, primary and nursery education, removing, wherever possible, the distortions of bought privilege and early selection, until it has been found that even the provision of nursery education to deprived children makes little difference to their long-term chances of educational success. The roots of inequality, it is now thought, are in early infancy, even in the womb. The mother gives her child too much cow's milk in its first weeks, she smokes too much during pregnancy, she has an unsuitable diet for child-bearing. For practical purposes, this is not much different from saying that ability is genetically determined.

Liberal Blind-Alley

In the most recently-published survey of the state of knowledge on educational inequality, William Tyler, lecturer in sociology at Kent University*, concludes:

> Education has been given the job of breaking down the inequalities between ethnic groups, classes and regions. It is supposed to be an agent not only of modernisation, but also the legitimator of the inequalities of advanced industrialism. This is far too much to expect of any 'secular religion'. Despite the huge amount of public money that the educational system eats up, the mechanism of selection, allocation and rewards is still not working according to any model of social engineering and probably never will.

Faced with this liberal blind-alley, two more extreme approaches to educational reform have gained currency during the past five years. The right-wing version starts from the proposition that intelligence is largely genetically determined. And so it may be. But it has little to do with educational inequality, because the correlation between IQ and educational attainment is rather poor. So poor, in fact, that, even if we accept the most extreme estimates of the genetic contribution to IQ, inherited ability still accounts for rather less than half educational attainment.

The extreme left approach starts from the proposition that the entire content, philosophy and structure of the existing education system is designed to perpetuate middle-class supremacy. The working-class child, even if all disadvantages of environment, provision and access were removed, could not hope to succeed because he will always be judged by middle-class standards. What schools 'count' as knowledge is what the middle-class child is most likely to learn and to understand. What the working-class child brings to school, on the other hand – non-standard English, and a knowledge of pigeon-fancying, vegetable gardening and football – is dismissed as of no value. This approach, propagated very strongly in some colleges of education, would be more helpful if its exponents would explain what their new curriculum might comprise. Not pigeon-fancying, surely, though it would be no less sensible than some of what is taught in schools today. The danger of this extreme left position is that it becomes a sort of social engineering in reverse. A critical approach to some of the values embedded in the curriculum quickly becomes a blanket condemnation of the entire curriculum so that even reading and maths are dismissed as middle-class occupations. Starting from the proposition that only a minority of working-class children succeed, the radicals would end with none succeeding at all.

A Practical Curriculum

This is a pity, because, stripped of its laughable Marxist sociologese, this new approach from the Left might be quite fruitful. Though its acolytes would express horror at the comparison, it is not, after all, so very different from Mr Callaghan's own attempts to inject a greater regard for worldly values into schools. There is no doubt that educational attainment, in the orthodox sense, depends heavily on acceptance of academic values, on a detached, theoretical, reflective, long-term approach to learning. A more practical curriculum, with a stronger emphasis on the immediate and the applicable, might well be more appropriate to a child from a working-class home. (I am not suggesting a dual curriculum here. The only way of making a more practical curriculum acceptable in the schools is to make sure that the academic high-flier gets a dose of it, too.)

But it is hard to see that changes in school curriculum values could ameliorate inequalities without corresponding changes in wider social values. It is no use urging more technology on schools while, for example, the top jobs in the civil services still go overwhelmingly to those with an academic, arts-based Oxbridge education.

And this brings us to the crux of the entire debate about education and inequality. We must accept that education is an ineffective form of social engineering. We can then escape from the liberal blind-alley by accepting two simple propositions. First, that if we want to redistribute wealth and power in our society, we should redistribute wealth and power by direct political means. This (as Professor Jencks of Harvard University pointed out in his own study of the failures of educational reform) is commonly called 'socialism'. Second, we should see education, not as a means of redistributing the national cake, but as part of the cake itself.

**The Sociology of Educational Inequality* Methuen £4*

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In other words, education should be distributed as equitably – or as inequitably – as other social goods. Those who believe in an inegalitarian society must accept an inegalitarian education system. (Surprisingly often, liberal inegalitarians do not.) If those who lack decent houses and annual holidays happen also to be those who lack children with educational attainments, this must be accepted as an unfortunate fact of life. When other social goods are distributed unequally, and the inequalities are all in the same direction, there is no reason to expect education and life chances to be any different. Short of removing children from their parents, there is no more hope, in an unequal society, of righting the unequal distribution of educational attainment than there is of righting the unequal distribution of Meccano sets.

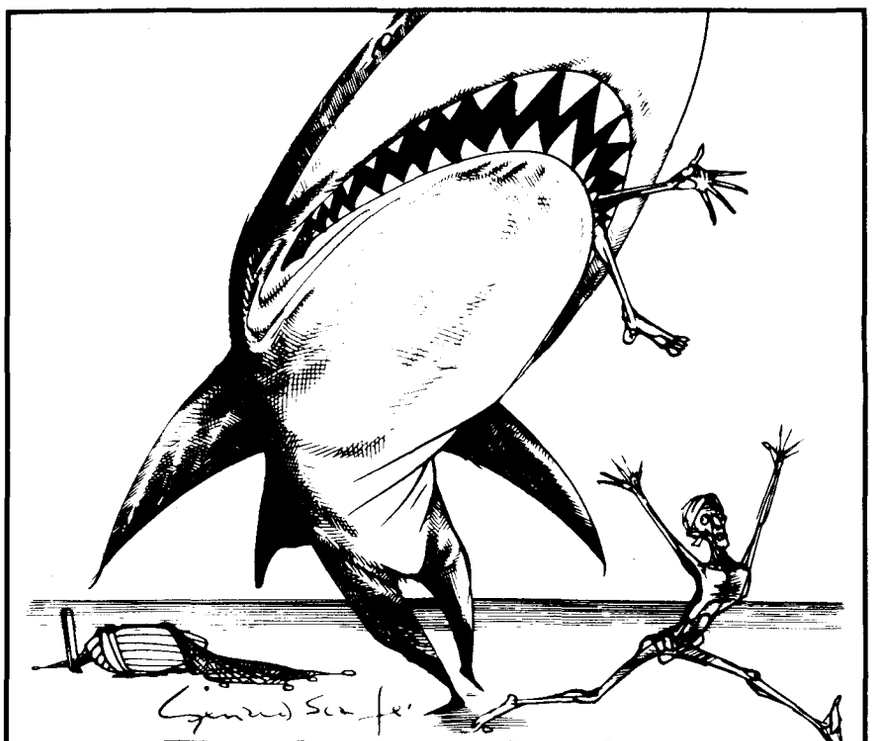
Likewise, those who believe in an egalitarian society must accept that education will be distributed according to egalitarian principles. (Surprisingly often, socialist egalitrians do not.) We should distinguish between education for specific skills and occupations and education of a more general nature. The former can easily be distributed unequally, according to the need to ensure competence among qualified practitioners. The distribution would have (and, indeed, does have) little connection with customary notions of social status. A civil servant or a journalist requires relatively little direct formal training. An engineering craftsman, like a doctor, requires a great deal. All other forms of education – the general education that leads to most university degrees, for example – should be distributed on demand. Everyone should be entitled to three years of university education (or, if we cannot afford that, to two years or one year) whenever he or she chooses. If applications exceed available places, the allocation should be made by lottery, perhaps with quotas for various social, regional and ethnic groups. It is doubtful that there would turn out to be any great over-demand. University education, like fox-hunting, is probably a minority taste and, once its openness had removed the spurious social and economic value of a degree, it would cease to be so popular.

This proposal is likely to be met with incredulity in most contemporary circles. Surely, it is said, university education should only be distributed to those 'likely to benefit' from it. But a challenge to this principle should occasion no surprise. What is so special about education that it should require special principles for its distribution? All other social products are distributed according to need or demand or equality. We do not ration public library books or parks or houses or refuse collection or deep freezers according to whether the recipients are 'likely to benefit'. Education is alone (along with company cars, perhaps) in being distributed as a reward, according to merit. The idea that it should be so distributed is comparatively recent and looks like being short-lived. Up to a century ago, education was distributed largely according to demand though, of course, the vast majority of the population could not meet the price. The principle of distribution on merit has already been abandoned by this country's largest university. The Open University, with nearly 60,000 students, imposes no selection and solves the problem of over-demand (which is not great) by lottery and quota. Those who are unlucky one year will get another chance the next year.

All the objections to universal open entry to higher and further education are based on what have turned out to be unsound propositions. First, it is said, open entry would not be compatible with national economic efficiency. We can only make the best of our resources by selecting out and educating our best talent to the highest possible level. There is no support whatsoever for this curious notion. Japan has a chaotic higher education system and is so neglectful of top talent that it has won only two Nobel science prizes since the war, both for work started before 1945. Yet it is hardly noted for economic inefficiency. It may well be that there are greater national economic returns on an extra year of education for men with IQs of 90 than there are on three extra years for those with IQs of 130. I challenge anyone to demonstrate the contrary.

Second, it is said that the middle-classes would make more of open access than the working-classes. But this takes us back to the exploded view of education as social engineering. If we want an inegalitarian society, we shall not care about middle-class advantages. If we want an egalitarian society, we shall set about the political means of creating one.

And (assuming that classes are still identifiable) what if the middle classes still want more university education than the working classes? Then, at last, we shall know. University education, after all, will have proved just a middle-class taste, like wholemeal bread.



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Maurice Yaffé*

Paedophilia: The Forbidden Subject

Paedophilia or overt sexual interaction between adults and children is probably the least acceptable form of sexual behaviour in modern Western society. The term, introduced into the technical literature in 1912 by Richard Krafft-Ebing, literally means love of children and specifically relates to actual or intended sexual involvement with a pre-pubertal child.

All explicit sexual activity with children in this country is illegal. It is not surprising, therefore, that much heat was generated recently when it came to be known that members of PIE, the paedophile organisation, who propose abolition of the age of consent, were organising a public meeting to solicit support for their cause. Similar opposition was evident in Swansea last week at the International Conference on Love and Attraction at which one of PIE's committee members was forced by the chief administrator of the university to leave the campus after trade union members representing the porters and domestic staff stated their extreme displeasure at his presence and threatened to go on strike.

Historically, the attitude towards special forms of sexual behaviour, customs and their meaning, have changed from epoch to epoch, the outstanding example being the physical love for youths in Ancient Greece, known as ephebophilia, which is today all too often considered out of context and lumped together with paedophilia. Strictly speaking, paedophilia is an exclusive sexual interest in children between birth and puberty, though there are a few people who have a sexual drive which encompasses both pre-pubertal children *and* those in early adolescence, but they are by far the exception. Most members of PIE, judging from their private serial publication *Palaver*, appear to be attracted to young boys, but the scientific literature on this subject suggests there might be more, in fact, whose sexual preference is for girls. The incidence of this sexual orientation in the community is difficult to assess, but it is fair to say that a high proportion will have sought out positions as scoutmasters, youth leaders, teachers and clergy. It is likely that only a proportion of those whose preferred sexual fantasy is paedophilic in content will have had any actual physical contact with a young boy or girl.

The evidence on paedophilia is provided by two main kinds of source, the clinical and the criminological, but often there is an overlap in that clinicians may see clients facing paedophilic charges at the request of the court. The other source of information is to be found in literary works, and publications by paedophiles themselves. Those who published *Palaver* may have no wish to change their sexual orientation, but some others do. And they sometimes find their way to clinics and counselling centres where help is often available. Most paedophiles, however, would prefer to stay just as they are, so long as the law was changed in their favour *and* they were accepted by society. Even as things stand, paedophiles are not so disturbed that they cannot function in society. Many hold responsible jobs.

Both psychological and legal aspects of sexual behaviour must be considered when attempting to evaluate the impact of a sexual liaison. Sexual intercourse between an 18-year-old male and a 15-year-old female cannot be considered a psychological deviation, even though this is forbidden by law. And, similarly, a sexual relationship between an 18-year-old male and a 15-year-old male, although a homosexual deviation, cannot, in most cases, be considered as paedophilic. Paedophiles, who are usually at least ten years older than their preferred sexual partners, generally lose sexual interest in their young partners when they reach puberty. In any event, sexual intercourse is rarely the intention of the paedophile: most frequently reported sex acts comprise fondling and being fondled, exposure and mutual masturbation.

Significantly, perhaps, these are the same sexual activities that young children do with each other. Paedophiles can be heterosexual, homosexual, or both, but the last are very much in the minority. Virtually all paedophiles are male, and one reason why there are so few women may be that the sensuous expression of paedophilia in females is socially approved as a vital and necessary function of all maternal caring, and provides sufficient fulfilment.

The object of sexual stirring in heterosexual paedophilia, according to a study conducted in 1963 in Toronto, is a child 6-11 years, whereas homosexual paedophiles preferred those aged 12-15 years, indicating an overlap with adult homosexuality. This finding was attributed to the similarity, as mentioned above, between paedophilia and childhood sex play which increases in boys up to the age of 12 but is predominant between 5-9 years in girls.

The Canadian study also showed that about half of the girls were relatives of friends of the offender, but only 20 per cent of the boys. Is incest merely a variant of paedophilia, or should it be considered separately? In incest the age of the partner is variable; physical maturity of the developing child is the sexual temptation for the parent, usually a daughter-father relationship. The activity is spread over a relatively long period of time, and the adult attempts to hold the partner for as long as possible. In paedophilia, on the other hand, the specific attraction is for partners who are physically immature: physical maturity of the partner more often than not leads to cessation of sexual involvement. Paedophilic sexual relationships are usually of brief duration and it is the adult who usually breaks off the relationship prior to puberty. Reduction of sexual interest is directly related to physical development of the partner, though physical and mental differences remain constant precisely because of the age limitations of the junior sexual partner. Taking these differences into account incest cannot be considered a facet of paedophilia, though there are rare incestuous forms of paedophilia which usually involve father or stepfather relations with small children (often homosexual), grandfather/grandchild interaction, and sexual involvements of highly psychotic mothers with their children.

Violent or sadistic acts with children appear to be extremely uncommon: about four children are sexually murdered per year in a population of around 55 million; but the other sexual deviations involving children are reported from time to time, though sometimes the sexual nature of the act, for instance spanking, is seldom recognised and prosecuted as such, unless the couple are involved in more explicit sexual behaviour. Exhibitionism is relatively common, along with adult homosexuality, but only a minority of adults expose to children.

It has been suggested, especially by PIE members, that children enjoy sexual acts with adults, and may initiate the relationship in the first place. In a relevant study, Father Ingram, who reported his findings at the Swansea Conference, looked at over 90 children who had been subject to the sexual attentions of a paedophile. His young subjects had been referred for counselling without having come to the attention of the official authorities, and with the exception of three cases of child prostitution, almost all had come from homes where there were severe problems. These included breakdown of marriage, alcoholism and anti-social behaviour in the father, or pathological over-protectiveness by the mother. In cases like this children often resent their mother and tend to show excessive interest in sexual matters; interestingly, most paedophiles were known to the child's family before any offence had been committed. But some children from emotionally deprived backgrounds are forced to take alternative steps: they run away from home, and there are even reports from the United States of parents inveigling their unfortunate children into the misery of prostitution or into making sexually explicit films. In California recently films depicting sexual activities between adults and children are being blamed for the corruption of youngsters, rather than being accepted as the medium through which they were reported. Traffic in this kind of pornography encourages such child abuse by making it profitable.

It is doubtful that children can give full consent to sexual activities with adults largely due to their experiental, judgmental and cognitive inequality. In roughly 50 per cent of cases children, anyway, are coaxed into participating by a present or financial reward. It is therefore necessary to protect children from sexual encounters with adults, especially against those who exploit them commercially. Generally speaking a youngster of 16 and older is quite capable of forming his own opinion, not least concerning sexual activities; but it would be difficult to concede that in the case of anyone younger. This is the dilemma that faces the supporters of PIE; until they resolve it, their cries of protest will remain unconvincing.

Maurice Yaffé is senior clinical psychologist at Guy's Hospital.

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Profile: Kerry Packer

The Visigoth

Who would have thought that by the time the 1977 cricket season was over Kerry Packer, the Great Australian Ogre, would have turned into a Fairy Godfather? He doesn't look like a fairy, it's true, and the only godfather he brings effortlessly to mind is Mario Puzo's, but this summer, with one flick of the cheque book, he has shaken institutional cricket to its very bones and given county cricketers, the churchmice of professional sport, the heady prospect of a living wage.

Whisper it not in the Long Room, tell it not to Robin Marlar, but this has been Kerry Packer's season. England's three-nil win over Australia, all the more piquant because it was unexpected, and the triumphant return of the exiled Boycott would in any case have made it a memorable year for English cricket: but even those achievements had a curious phoney war quality about them. Packer's shadow lay over the five-Test series like a symbol, a promise and a threat. Everybody knew that Test cricket, the game that had been controlled for a hundred years by gentlemen snobs, was dying. The hustlers and the moneymen were taking over.

Wisden may never concede it but, whatever his motives and whether or not his circus succeeds, Kerry Packer is already the game's greatest benefactor. By torpedoeing the tight little ship of established cricket he has put the long-suffering ordinary pro, the £50-a-week player, in a marvellous bargaining position. If the Packer recruits are banned from county cricket, then the ordinary pro will move up in the world. If they are not, then circus cricket will have come to stay and the ordinary pro will find himself with a choice of market. No wonder that at a special end-of-season meeting the professional cricketers voted to keep their options open. This is one toss they cannot lose.

But, grateful as they are for Packer's intervention, professional cricketers know very little about the man, what he stands for and what he wants. Most of them have never met him, although the better performed among them have been approached by his agents. Back in May they saw him on the David Frost Programme playing a plain man's straight bat to Robin Marlar's indignant fast bowling ('Don't you know, Mr Packer, that cricket is about behaviour?') and they saw at once that Packer's ambition might work to their advantage. Some of them even saw him as a refreshingly vulgar intruder who had given the fingers-up sign to the public school Mafia.

None of them was much interested in his motives for opposing established cricket. The official reason was (and still is) that Packer needed the television rights of future Test series to boost his Australian network's ratings, but that is nonsense. Daytime ratings are of only minor interest to Australian advertisers (the real controllers of TV there) and even if night-time cricket were feasible – and Packer has considered it – a run-of-the-schedules programme like *Starsky and Hutch* would pull just as many viewers, probably more, for a fraction of the cost. No, it wasn't ratings and the money that goes with them that moved Kerry Packer. What, then?

Well, as Berdaeyev put it, if you wish to know a man do not consider *what* he admires, but *whom*. The two men Kerry Packer admires most are his late father, Sir Frank Packer, and Genghis Khan. His enthusiasm for Genghis Khan is interesting (and may have to do with his own strangely Mongolian cast of features) because it suggests that he identifies with men of action of a particular kind: not the warrior scholars of western tradition but the destroyers who came out of the desert, the pillagers and arsonists who saw high civilisation as something contemptibly soft.

Kerry's admiration for his father, however, borders on patrophilia. His voice assumes a tone of sing-song veneration whenever his father's name is invoked, as it often is, nearly always by Kerry himself. Ever since Sir Frank died three years ago Kerry Packer has seemed obsessively bent on emulating his father, making benevolently grandiose gestures with the family fortune, buying and selling people, dropping bricks on sensitive toes and chopping away at deeply rooted institutions, like the Australian and English Cricket Boards, with the subtlety of a lumberjack. But the style sits uneasily on him. He is a very pale copy of his father. Those who knew and feared the old man are half convinced that, before he expired, Packer senior made some Faustian deal which gave him power beyond the grave to operate his son as a glove puppet. Certainly, the father's career provides some clues to Kerry's behaviour.

Frank Packer was a former heavyweight boxer and gold prospector, a man of enormous vitality and appalling manners, who built up a publishing empire in Sydney during the 1930s. He turned the dull *Daily*

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Telegraph into a raffish best-seller that was belligerently right-wing. Sir Robert Menzies, when he was Prime Minister, was said to have had a direct telephone line to the *Telegraph* editor's office. Anyway, Menzies gave Frank Packer a knighthood in 1959.

The knighthood made no difference to the egregious Packer style. He sent back a Rolls with only 44 miles on the clock because his Homburg kept brushing the roof. He punched his chauffeur in the ear for refusing to ignore a signalling traffic cop. Launchin an America's Cup Challenge he froze he expectant smiles of Newport's socie / ladies by announcing that he hadn't been so happy 'since Ma caught her tits in the mangle'. He ran his TV network, s up in the late 1950s, like a Hornby rail ay and one notorious evening interrupted normal programmes five times so that dinner guests could see reruns of a Packer horse winning the big race.

He was a famous skinflint and the Packer newspaper offices and TV stations were the country's shabbiest, but he was also capable of impulsive acts of generosity. He sneered at culture in nearly all its forms, but had a respect for champion sportsmen – and only champions – that approached hero-worship. He poured millions of dollars into prestigious sports, like America's Cup sailing in which, thanks to Packer's money, Australians became world class competitors.

Sir Frank's two sons, Clyde, the elder by two years, and Kerry, were educated at Geelong Grammar, the school Prince Charles attended where there is a strong emphasis on sport. They were both big-boned boys, strong and athletic like their father, so they did well. Kerry tells the story, with pride, of how he arrived home one school holiday without his tennis racket and was sent on a 1,200-mile train journey to retrieve it – his father's way of impressing on him the value of possessions.

After school both sons worked for their father's still expanding empire – although a young rival called Rupert Murdoch was beginning to eat into Sir Frank's territory. There was a famous incident in 1961 when Murdoch acquired a small publishing firm from under Sir Frank's nose and Clyde and Kerry led an assault party in an attempt to reclaim the building. In the ensuing punch-up Clyde had his ribs broken, Kerry had his eyes blackened and Murdoch's Sydney *Mirror* celebrated with a front page banner . . . KNIGHT'S SONS IN CITY BRAWL.

To Sir Frank's undisguised disappointment neither of his sons showed any real flair for journalism. Clyde, the more intelligent, flirted with the arts (hardly a family tradition) and took over the running of the TV network. He began to question his father's judgment and that took nerve. Kerry was the more dutiful son, the one who suffered his father's abusive outbursts in deferential silence. His reward was to be cuffed over the head, not always affectionately and to be addressed as 'Boofhead'.

But Murdoch's time was at hand. In 1972 Sir Frank sold his beloved *Telegraph* ('He wept for weeks afterwards,' Kerry recalled) to Murdoch for $15m. and began to diversify (more magazines, radio stations, a lucrative ski resort). Clyde had a final bitter quarrel with his father, sold his share of the family business to Kerry for $4m. and headed for California where he set up as a theatrical agent and promoter. He is still there.

Two years later Sir Frank Packer died and, at 36, Kerry had come into his kingdom. Today he runs the business like a feudal court, as his father did before him. He even dismisses a small coterie of advisers and hangers-on from his office with the peremptory bell-ring instituted by Sir Frank.

The business itself is in very rude health. The television network, centred around stations TCN in Sydney and GTV in Melbourne, lost the ratings race last year but still pulled in a profit of $5m. The publications range from *Women's Weekly*, a pleasantly bland confection of royal snapshots and showbiz profiles, to *Cleo*, a glossy for crypto-sophisticates which has its centre pages sealed to protect the conventional, and *The Bulletin*, Australia's oldest literary journal which, under the Packer aegis, has declined into a right-wing tranquilliser.

Packer's constant companion is an attractive woman in her mid-thirties called Ita Buttrose, who is also editor of the hugely successful *Women's Weekly* (circulation 900,000). He has great respect for her editorial judgment. 'Beneath her serene exterior,' said a journalist who worked for her, 'there beats a heart of pure granite.' The man he listens to, on everything, is a cold-fish accountant and expert hatchetman called Harry Chester whom his father poached from a rival publisher 13 years ago. 'I do everything Harry Chester tells me,' says Kerry Packer.

This is probably only a half-truth. It's unlikely that Harry Chester told him to buy up the world's best cricketers. That gesture has a visionary crankiness to it that perfectly expresses the spirit of the late Sir Frank. Is he out there somewhere communicating with his son by ouija board?

However self-conscious Kerry Packer's imitation of his father may be, there is no doubt that his passion for sport is genuine and profound, and that, like his father, he admires champions more than any other kind of men. Last autumn he boosted prize-money in the Australian Golf Championship (he plays off a 12 handicap himself) to $200,000 and flew in Jack Nicklaus for a fat guarantee. Then he moved his wife and kids into the Sydney Hilton so that Nicklaus and his retinue could stay with him in his Bellevue Hill mansion, the one with the wildlife trophies in every room.

He believes in buying excellence. Last year at Perisher Valley, his own ski resort, he paid an Austrian instructor to coach him intensively for a challenge race, a downhill duel – against his wife. He once prepared for a social game of cricket by buying private lessons from the professional English cricketer, Barry Knight. This year he hired Tony Greig to coach his son and when Greig reported that the boy showed promise immediately had a properly turfed wicket installed in his own garden.

Like his father, Kerry Packer likes to acquire people who he's been told are excellent. One of his purchases last Christmas was a young Australian comedian called Paul Hogan who brought with him his shrewd manager-producer, John Cornell. Among other things Cornell is manager of John Newcombe, the millionaire tennis player, and Dennis Lillee, the not so wealthy fast bowler. It was Lillee's heartfelt grumbling about the relative poverty of cricketers that inspired Cornell to approach Packer with the idea of entrepreneurial Tests.

He found Packer in a peculiarly responsive mood, furious at the Australian Cricket Board for refusing him TV rights despite the size of his offer. He wanted Test cricket on his network, wanted it badly – not for ratings, or for money, but for the honour of having it. The only flicker of poetry in that 18-stone frame lies in his response to athleticism, in his deep pleasure at the drama of physical contest and display, especially in cricket.

Now Packer saw his chance to have it both ways, to bake his cake and eat it. It was the nearest thing in his imagining to a work of art, an idea that had the brutal simplicity of an axe slicing through a Gordian Knot. If they wouldn't let him televise their Tests then he would buy the cricketers away from them.

It begins to look as though Kerry Packer has stumbled into the history books. Even if his circus is a failure he will have changed cricket forever. Those who know the man, those who have worked for him, would probably offer his prospective recruits one final word of advice. Read the fine print.

Roger Woddis

Crumbs of Comfort

Out of my nightmare-haunted bed,
Where I have burrowed like a mole,
I forage for my daily bread,
Or, failing that, a crusty roll.

The sweating midnight men are gone:
Now brandishing my saw-toothed knife,
I see the day-shift coming on,
The independent staff of life.

The dawn queue lengthens and expands,
At six they're halfway round the block.
The baker spreads his empty hands:
'You should have come at four o'clock.'

Slices of sun-blessed cotton wool
No longer cram my gaping bin:
The big plant baker looks a fool,
The little man is cashing in.

If rationing should be my fate,
It will not starve my sated soul.
I am the master of my weight:
In fact, I'm fitter on the whole.

A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse –
Alas, no Loaf of Bread, my pet:
No doubt if things get any worse
They'll send for Marie Antoinette.

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Salisbury Diary

☐ It looks as if the Foreign Office thumb may have been sucked dry of any more Rhodesia settlements. It was quite extraordinary to see David Owen standing under the Union Jack on the lawn of Mirimba House and saying no, he hadn't heard that Smith had repudiated one man one vote all through his election campaign, and no, he hadn't asked him that morning whether he had or not. Since the main 'non-negotiable' ingredient of the deal was universal suffrage, this seemed an excessively feeble reply. Andrew Young, incidentally, appears to me to get in trouble for his remarks not because they are 'irreverent' but because he starts talking before he gets his brain in gear. At one point he had to choke himself off from saying he had been impressed with Ian Smith. Best of all was Owen's reason for not asking Smith the big one. 'Well he'd just come through an election and we didn't want him to make any hasty statement. Neither Andy nor I would like to answer a difficult question like that just after election day.' All boys together. Golly.

☐ Actually, Rhodesian elections are even more vestigial than they might appear. Fewer than 100,000 people are in fact entitled to vote. First you must be a citizen. Then there are the usual educational qualifications. Then you have to pay a certain amount of tax (direct). This last infuriates Africans because with the new and heavy sales tax they are paying ever more to the Exchequer, but getting no political return because the taxation is indirect. Most interesting of all, soldiers of 18-21 who are out in the bush can't vote either. I saw Smith deal with this point at a meeting, and with typical *gaucherie* argue that responsibility only came with age. A goodish slice of his audience plainly didn't care for the idea that their precarious borders were being defended by young irresponsibles.

☐ Place names are a big psychological hang-up here. Most of central Salisbury is named after titles or dominions of the Marquis (Cecil and Hatfield being favourites). The Africans intend to rename the whole shooting match Harare, after the black township on the site of the first settlement. There is still a town called Livingstone in Zambia, while many of the major Rhodesian towns, like Umtali, retain their African names. The very word Zimbabwe is an assertion by the nationalists that it was Africans who built the amazing stone city of that name near Fort Victoria. South Africa is due to be renamed Azania, which suggests that the comrades have not read Waugh's *Black Mischief*. I am really writing this from the interim state of Rhobabwe.

☐ In her first novel about Rhodesia, Doris Lessing observes that 'when old settlers say "one has to understand the country" what they mean is "you have to get used to our ideas about the native".' This seems to be getting a little less true. Worried white farmers now invite Bishop Muzorewa or the Reverend Sithole to come and address them. And, although there is a tremendous amount of thoughtless racism about 'child-like' Africans, the old certainties of domination have been eroded. The worst habit I notice is the practice of talking about blacks, in bars and restaurants staffed by them, as if they were not there. But it is possible to go for a long time without hearing anything nasty. Mind you, one such evening of friendliness ended for me with a story from a Zambian-born white girl who had knocked an African off his bike. Terrified, and thinking he was dead, she stayed in the car until passers-by arrived. '*I'm* all right', she said, 'but what about *him*?' 'Oh, not to worry', came the reply, 'they've got very hard heads.' She said the worst thing was having it assumed that she, too, was in the know.

☐ 'Fellow-traveller' is a word usually pinned on credulous or corrupt left-wingers. Does it apply, I wonder, to men like Julian Amery or Ronald Bell who come out here and get themselves written up in the *Rhodesia Herald* as if they were proper politicians? Amery received prime-time blanket coverage for his view that there would be a change of government in Britain soon, and that the new incumbents would relax the pressure. 'A change of wind in the West' was his phrase, which certainly inverts Macmillan's meaning nicely. When I saw Sir Roy Welensky he was especially angry at these false comforters who foster exactly the illusions that nobody needs. Margaret Thatcher's remarks don't betray much insight either. But is she satisfied at having Tory views represented here by the last-ditch former heroes of the Suez Group?

☐ I actually called on Sir Roy Welensky in order to improve my historical grasp, but he was more absorbing about the present and the future. Having, in the days of Federation, had Ian Smith as his chief whip, Welensky felt on sure ground about his low opinion of the man. He does not believe Smith capable of making any decent internal settlement with the African leaders, and looks forward with horror to a continued war and wastage of life (in which he has already lost young relatives). At one point he told the story of a meeting between himself and Verwoerd in 1963, when Verwoerd warned him that South African support could not guarantee the survival of settler power in Rhodesia. Welensky returned from the meeting determined to oppose UDI and the rise of the cruel and stupid Rhodesian Front. Now Smith travels again to Pretoria with his skin on the line. More and more, the whole revolt of 'plucky little Rhodesia' looks like a chronicle of wasted time.

☐ Victoria Falls on a sunny day has an atmosphere like the Trianon, or Mayerling, or even St Petersburg (with all proportions amended to bourgeois scale). Golfers and casino-addicts weave their way through armoured border patrols. Parents, with their nippers decked out in tee-shirts saying 'Rhodesia is Super', tell you that 'we've come to see it before it all goes' as if African incompetence would somehow dry up the great cataracts themselves. At seven every night the local sport consists of gathering at the clubhouse for a good jeer at the (admittedly chronic) Zambian TV. It is an article of faith among whites that African independence is a bloody failure, and they make little distinction between the black Nero of Uganda or the multiracial bonanza of Kenya. A strange attitude, when you think about it, for a white tribe whose past is exemplified by what happened to Mozambique and whose future, if they are not careful, has found a charming vision in the hatred and violence of South Africa. But ask a tripper on the riverboat if he or she is scared of guerrilla fire, and back comes the bravado reply: 'It's safe as long as they're aiming at you'.

☐ One book that doesn't circulate as much as it might in Salisbury is Marcia Williams's memoir *Inside Number Ten*. It's clear from her accounts of both the *Tiger* and *Fearless* meetings (how Wilson must have searched the navy list for Churchillian-sounding vessels) that she had something like the hots for Ian Smith. At every point she describes him as 'charming and urbane', 'attractive', 'cheerful', and records longingly that he once said he'd like to get to know her better. The clue comes at the end, where she muses:

> Throughout I felt that Harold and Ian Smith had rather more in common with each other than they would probably have liked to admit, particularly in their approach to politics.

And so say all of us.

Christopher Hitchens

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Mr Boddy, who is corresponding with the Duke of Edinburgh about conditions of workers' houses on the royal estate at Sandringham, replies diplomatically when questioned about the wages: 'It is considered an honour to work on the royal estate. Their people feel they will get their reward in heaven.' – *Guardian* (M. Taylor)

☐ The man, aged 30, pleaded not guilty to six charges of rape, two charges of attempted rape, two other serious sexual offences, one charge of robbery, one assault with intent to rob, and one assault occasioning bodily harm. He pleaded guilty to the theft of a plastic shrub and a plant. – *The Times* (Michael De-la-Noy)

☐ The court held that to constitute consideration, the possession action itself would have needed to reveal a possibility of success. As no judge could conceivabiy have held that a previous letting of a coal cellar in Hammersmith had been for the purposes of a holiday, the plaintiffs had given up nothing and had, therefore, provided no consideration by relinquishing their claim for possession. – *Legal Action* (William Sandover)

☐ Edward Heath's Music A Joy of Life, brand new book, unread, perfect gift. £4. – Ad in *Hendon Times* (George Goldsworthy)

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J. C. Wilsher

The Distressed Gentlefolk's Dole

After two goes at spelling 'Sociological Research Officer' the man at the Labour Exchange said 'Can I put you down as a teacher? It won't make any difference' – and I don't suppose it did, other than to inflate the already scandalous statistics for unemployed teachers by a tiny increment. That was only for the records in the office, he explained; what someone with *my* qualifications and experience should do was to fill in a form for PER – Professional and Executive Recruitment.

I read the instructions and scribbled. I was conscious of the example of those who resisted the dilution of their hard-won skills and aspirations. Known to me personally were people registered as Balloonist and Explorer; a friend of my father, at the end of the second world war, signed on as a Squadron Leader seeking *very similar* work; a friend of a friend had recently insisted that he would only consider offers comparable to his former employment as 'dealer at the Short End of the London Money Market'. In spite of these encouraging cases of limpet-like adhesion to achieved social roles, I indicated on the form that I was willing to undertake a range of employments whose catholicity bordered on the promiscuous.

Not that I believed that PER would *have* to find me a job, as I settled down to receipt of my earnings-related dole and tax-rebates. I was scanning the papers and filling in application forms and – in spite of the accelerating collapse of the economy, especially marked in those sectors which might conceivably employ someone like me – I believed that my extraordinary (perhaps unique) combination of qualities would shine out from the dross on the desk of some university or polytechnic appointments officer before very long.

I signed on in the autumn; Christmas and the New Year led me to a certain amount of anxious reassessment of my position. Therefore when January brought the first message from PER – a computerised form asking if I still wished to be registered with them in the coming year – I filled it in and wrote something churlish in the 'comments and queries' section. This brought a gratifyingly rapid response; a lady with a kind voice phoned me and explained that PER did not handle the kind of vacancies for someone with my background (public and educational appointments, as *The Times* now classifies them) and that the only reason for my remaining registered with PER was that it entitled me to go on drawing benefit. 'What about retraining, then?' I demanded, determined to secure my rights. The lady promised to send me all the relevant literature.

My image of unemployment – like, I suspect, that of a lot of middle-class people, whatever their political protestations – was essentially that of an Andy Capp figure on one side of the counter, thinking up evermore elaborate excuses for refusing the jobs thrust at him by the sour-faced bureaucrat on the other side, and scrambling round to the boozer and the betting shop chuckling as soon as the interview was over. Of course I knew that 'Professionals and Executives' were *different*; but the inversion of the stereotype which the PER literature envisaged still came as a surprise.

It is the unemployed 'Professional and Executive' who becomes the bureaucrat. 'You will need an "office" in your home,' says *Job-hunting with PER*; this includes a table by the telephone, typewriter, filing system 'to keep track of all the posts you have applied for', and a sharp pencil.

> Try to work normal office hours, and make it clear to your family that these are sacrosanct. You cannot do a job properly if you are on call to mend fuses, clear a blocked sink or fetch the children from school, just because you are on the spot. On the other hand, make sure that your wife and family are properly briefed on how to take calls on your behalf when you are away from your 'office' carrying out essential research or attending interviews.

The assumptions about family sex-roles make too easy and modish a target to need emphasis or analysis here. What still haunts me is the picture of the ghost executive, in his make-believe office with his pad and pencil and filing system, swearing at his old woman when she wants something from the broom-cupboard he has occupied, writing ever more desperate importuning letters, waiting for the phone to ring and gradually disappearing down the spiral path of solipsistic fantasy.

PER would, however, deny that they are encouraging a race of middle-aged executive Miss Havishams, all dressed up with nowhere to go, eternally waiting for their phantom bridegrooms (in the form of a personnel manager) with a cobwebbed card-index. No, the purpose of all this pantomime is finding a job; because PER makes no claim to be able to do it. According to them, less than half the job opportunities are even advertised: 'The majority of appointments start with someone's recommendation – in-company promotion or the old-boy network'; the second largest share of the market is filled by advertising; and

> the remaining vacancies are filled with the help of recruitment agencies, headed by PER, but they make up so small a part of the market that while you should register with them, your own efforts should be devoted to direct approaches and answering advertisements.

So the thing to do is *tell* people – 'Nowadays so many managers are out of work through no fault of their own,' says PER encouragingly, 'that nobody considers it the disgrace that perhaps it once was.' 'Tell your bank manager, your doctor, your parson, your lawyer and your golf club secretary.'

I pass over the fact that, in the small town I lived in, the aforementioned personnel probably knew I was unemployed before I did (except for the parson and golf club secretary, neither of whom I met, my soul and my golf swing being equally beyond redemption). Let us concentrate, rather, on the leisure time of the ectoplasmic exec.; after a hard day in the broom cupboard he relaxes at some social occasion by buttonholing his acquaintances and telling them his hard-luck story. He even has literature to distribute:

> Some people have found it pays to hand over a card, even to those who know them well, marked 'Looking for a new job', just to keep their names in people's minds. Some hand out copies of their *curriculum vitae*.

I always wondered what a genuine index of social collapse would be, and now I know – the crunch will have truly come, the kissing will finally have to stop, when *every* guest at a Gerrard's Cross cocktail party turns up with a set of 'out of work' cards and *curricula vitae* (perhaps in the form of mnemonic poems or day-glo lapel badges) and they all give them to each other. If they decided to simplify the process and fed all the information into a computer, linked up to cocktail parties in Dulwich and Virginia Water, they could call it the Professional and Executive Recruitment Service.

The 'Professional and Executive' in search of a new trade altogether might be in for a bit of a shock. The list of courses, approved by the Training Opportunities Scheme (TOPS), which I received, managed to be funny without entirely avoiding vulgarity. Various grades of certificate and diploma could be obtained from the Institute of Meat; likewise qualifications in hairdressing and beauty treatment. Several MA degrees could be obtained from Lancaster University under TOPS auspices; but having held one such since 1970 I was doubtful of their capacity to generate hard cash and a new life. A week's residential course in public house management shone forth from the dull page like a good deed in a naughty world, but I feared that my contribution to management games in that area might be excessively consumer-oriented.

I received no whisper of an offer of a job through PER during my year's registration with them. I finally declared myself a self-employed free-lance author, and got a part-time job driving a van. People with my kind of background, but without a scheme of their own to pursue, or burdened by family commitments, cannot opt out so easily; and those kind of people are turning to PER in ever increasing numbers. For them, PER – like the 'job creation' programmes for another sector of the market – is trading in false hopes; a more debased – and dangerous – currency than the inflated pound.

This Australia

☐ Senior Constable Geoff Little has been told to stop smiling while he works. 'I've been under continual pressure for months to stop being happy in front of the public,' he said. 'They have told me I'm a policeman, not a comedian.' – *Melbourne Herald* (Robert Grieve)

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First Person

Arthur Marshall

Je Pense Donc Je Suis

At my relatively advanced age, when there is not all that much future to look forward to, one tends to live increasingly in the past and I must apologise for having been in these pages perhaps a little too preoccupied with those sections of my childhood that deal with educational happenings and in particular the strange prep school worlds of the Twenties. I have not yet revealed by any means all. For example, there was a boy called Gossage who regularly had what I see now to have been epileptic fits, each one stoically referred to by Matron as 'one of Gossage's funny little turns', usually managing to stage them during prep and providing an exciting and welcome diversion, froth and frenzy everywhere. Then, there was a temporary master, supplied in a crisis by the scholastic agents, who briskly confiscated, for the flimsiest of misdemeanours, everybody's pocket-knives and watches, pawned them in Southsea and with the proceeds, ran away accompanied by the soubrette from the concert party on the pier (the performers called themselves, in those naïve days, 'The Queries'), an event subsequently referred to by the headmaster as 'the unfortunate occurrence of last term'. Like Dr Fagan in *Decline and Fall*, our headmaster could ride out any storm, and they were frequent, with the greatest skill, but, as with some readers of Evelyn Waugh's hilarious and faintly autobiographical masterpiece, doubt has been cast on the accuracy of both his and my revelations of school life. Are they not exaggerated? Are they purely fictional? Could such things ever have been?

Support for our veracity now comes from an extremely unexpected quarter and in the shape of a very bright Jewish boy at an establishment with the name of Stanmore Park in the early 1920s. Here a member of the staff dangled an unpopular boy called Openshaw out of a second floor window by his hair, to general approval. The classics master, a pleasant man called Quinton, decided to abandon his pedantic calling and committed suicide in the lavatory of a train (not, I do hope, on the GWR). Passing on to Harrow and its then informal methods of sexual instruction (11 boys were sacked from his house in his first term), our informant tells us that all non-Christian pupils were required to attend the Chapel services until one day, bang in the middle of Matins, a Persian boy produced a gong from underneath his tail coat, struck it resoundingly three times, and then prostrated himself on the Chapel floor with his head facing east. After which, it was decided to give infidels theological teaching appropriate to their own religions. You will, of course, wish to know the source of this lively information. It is Lord Rothschild, now associated principally in the public's mind with the Think Tank of which he was the head.

Whatever some scientists may have claimed in the past, it is obvious that nobody really has the faintest idea of by what odd processes the brain functions. Reams of conjecture have been produced on what can have been going through the head of a famous thinker, Rodin's *Le Penseur*. He looks, hunched up there, so very fraught. What was he pondering? The future of the universe? God? Good and evil? It is possible that, handsome male models having special problems of their own, he was merely wondering if he was going to manage to get his muscled and undraped body out of that studio without being pounced on.

But at least, with *Meditations of a Broomstick* (Collins: £6.50), we now know some of the subjects that activated the Think Tank and what its methods of attack were ('thinking about thinking is not easy'). Lord Rothschild, in a most lucid and engaging manner, tells all. A penny for his thoughts? The high-powered team, 16-strong and with no axes, political or otherwise, to grind, cost a good bit more than that (about £200,000 p.a. and only time will tell whether we got our money's worth). The average age was 35 and each morning at 9 a.m. (and one likes to imagine a sort of Ready, Steady, GO!) they bent their gifted minds to a splendid variety of matters – energy, shipbuilding, electric cars, nuclear reactors, race relations, computers, population and so on.

If, in the list that Lord Rothschild gives, the average reader spots lacunae and starts to wonder whether the Tank has been skimping things, the explanation is to hand. Various subjects that may or may not have been studied are still not allowed to be mentioned. Whatever can they have been? Germ warfare? Synthetic children? Compulsory sterilisation? The new innovation (Len Murray once described it as 'this amateur show') caused, of course, raised eyebrows in the corridors of power and anxious flutterings in snug Whitehall dovecots. Agitations and awkwardnesses resulted. The authorities, apparently even more lunatic in peacetime than in war on the subject of secrecy, announced that though the Government's Think Tank could state that it was taking an *interest* in certain (with exceptions) subjects, it could in no circumstances admit that it had written an actual report of any of them. Now why on earth?

Resigning because of the increasingly worrying nature of the problems ('I don't think that someone who becomes very worried is the best person to run a Think Tank'), Lord Rothschild's mind and thoughts, which function well against a musical background of Art Tatum, continue to revolve round subjects such as the unions, housing, whether or not a garbage man in Coventry is truly interested in Giotto, or if letters are now out of date. By no means all is total seriousness. Will intense misery pills, called Miserin, be developed and replace prison sentences? Will the converse, Extasin pills, be smuggled to troops and render them too happy to fight? Shall we benefit from being genetically able in the future to produce any number we like of identical human beings, say a thousand Harold Wilsons or eighty-four (and there's a Freudian number) Mrs Thatchers? We had better not, however, produce too many of anything. If the population increases at its present rate, by the year 3700 the weight of all human beings on earth will equal the weight of the earth. 'Some 1700 years later, in the year 5400, if everyone on earth were to be put into a hollow ball, its radius would have to be 20,000 times that of the earth.' Good luck, everybody.

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Letters to the Editor

Johnson's Farewell

Sir, Exit Paul Johnson (NS 9 September) from the Labour Party not with a whimper but with a high-pitched whine, as if he had been jilted by the party – an attitude not uncommon when some men ditch their youthful loves. This is a democratic country where one is free to change one's political party – as free as to change the Government peacefully. So why the long, turgid Testament of Faith? His unbridled hatred of the trade unions adds up to persecution mania. Towards the end of his Testament of Faith comes his statement that the 'individual conscience is the most precious gift humanity possesses'. He then goes on to say:

> A political creed which respects the individual conscience – whatever evil it might otherwise do or stand for – is inherently healthy . . .

Perhaps it was Hitler's individual conscience which led to Auschwitz and Stalin's individual conscience which produced the Gulag.

Paul Johnson is a man, educated, erudite, talented and successful yet these attributes leave little room for tolerance and understanding of those who do not share his good fortune. Perhaps one thought could steady his judgments. Trade unions are strong, and maybe too strong, in the *democratic* countries of the world. There is nothing sacrosanct about power. The pendulum swings sometimes a bit too far to the Left – sometimes to the Right – to be corrected in due course by negotiations or even by strikes. All is not peace and quiet in the trade union movement but Paul Johnson's criticism is nihilistic.

Especially ill-conceived and ill-timed is his attack on the Prime Minister. To speak of the Labour Party as 'the repository of destructive envy and a party of green-eyed monsters' is to place politicians in Disneyland. It is another symptom of middle-class paranoia. Surely the better-off and affluent people in our society have less excuse for envy and can afford the luxury – I quote Paul Johnson – 'to exercise the richness of human idiosyncracies of civilised mankind'.

Rather late in his political life Paul Johnson poses the question – 'What is socialism?'. My husband Hugh Gaitskell thought it was about equality – but Paul Johnson brings in Karl Popper (a household name?) and agrees with him that equality is certain to extinguish democracy. Reading Paul Johnson's piece this week I heard a resounding tinkle over the years – I heard, once again, Paul Johnson in 1955 proclaim on Radio News that Hugh Gaitskell was the worst choice for Leader for the Labour Party.

DORA GAITSKELL

House of Lords

Sir, So Paul Johnson joined the Labour Party about 1953. I joined it in 1923 and, a little before his advent – in 1945 to be exact – I earned the unhappy distinction of being the only Labour candidate in the whole of Derbyshire who was not elected to Parliament. My agent, a railway signalman who, I think, had a wider knowledge of political life than Paul Johnson has yet acquired, told me not to worry. 'I should pack it up now, if I were thee,' he said. 'This movement has finished the best part of its job. We shall soon stop being a movement for social justice and turn into a bandwagon. There will be hundreds of clever young twits from Oxford and such places who fancy themselves as statesmen and will jump on our bandwagon – only because it's a damn sight cheaper than the Tory coach.'

I didn't take his advice: I kept on being a Labour candidate and as a result got sacked from a quite good job – my employers exercising their freedom to remove from their neat stable a rogue horse. If I had done as I was told I should now be enjoying a pension of £3,000 a year on top of the Old Age Pension. As it is, my total family income is between £35 and £40 a week – including the state pension. I am, of course, only one of the minor casualties – a sort of walking-wounded – of the class war which Mr Johnson seems to think was invented by Karl Marx. There have been much more serious casualties and would have been still more if the trade union movement had not gained the power which our ex-friend deplores. He says that nationalised industries in the opinion of 'ordinary people' are 'legal conspiracies against the public'. He should try that tale on the several thousand coal miners who are alive and well, but who would have been dead or crippled if 'trade union power' and 'collectivist beliefs' had not interfered with the personal freedom of coal-owners not to waste good profits on expensive safety precautions.

When I first went to work in the 1920s in Liverpool I used to buy my evening paper from a newsboy, clothed literally in rags, running about in two inches of freezing slush in bare feet. If he left any grandchildren, they may possibly lack Mr Johnson's dedication to the arts (though, as they would be Liverpudlians, this is not certain) but at least their children have shoes and warm clothes and will not die at the age of 20 from malnutrition and tuberculosis, like my sister did. And this change did not take place because God told employers to pay higher wages nor because the Holy Spirit entered the hearts of men and changed their characters. It happened because, without reading Karl Marx, men and women knew there was a class war raging and set about fighting it and won a few battles.

In my opinion (which I accept isn't worth much) the arts, whose condition gives Mr Johnson the vapours, are now healthier, more exciting and more flourishing than they were in my young days: but even if they were not I would rather see millions of affluent people supping ale and playing bingo than see one Charles Dickens having to write (in *Bleak House*) of children dying of hunger – 'dying thus around us every day'. Of course people can, and will, say 'Things have changed: that is all old stuff.' It is not all that old – it was only yesterday, and yesterday can become tomorrow. So it is a relief to one spectator of events that Paul Johnson has gone. Our blessings are so few that it is good to have even one to count.

W. M. HALSALL

129 Buxton Old Road
Disley
Stockport, Cheshire

Sir, I'm sure that Paul Johnson's final outburst and resignation from the Labour Party will come as no surprise to anyone who has studied his pronouncements since the October 1974 election when he campaigned very enthusiastically for Labour. It certainly won't surprise any local Labour Party activist in his own constituency of Beaconsfield. They have been expecting Paul Johnson's dramatic exit for some months.

I'm equally sure that many Labour supporters who have been hurt and offended by Paul Johnson's persistent negative criticism of Labour, and particularly his vitriolic and highly personal attacks on figureheads such as Jack Jones, Harold Wilson and latterly Jim Callaghan (or 'Tammany Jim' as Johnson has, quite unjustifiably, dubbed him), will be overjoyed that he has left the party at last.

Nonetheless, I can't help feeling rather sad about his resignation. For, although I deplore almost everything he has said in the past year or so, and found the cynicism, spleen and disloyalty so evident in his recent outpourings extremely distasteful, I want the Labour Party to encompass as broad a spectrum of 'Left-of-Centre' views as possible and Paul Johnson, before political sclerosis set in, was one of the wittiest and most incisive voices on Labour's Right wing. For example, his contributions during the 1974 elections and the 1975 EEC referendum campaign were, I thought, quite brilliant.

I daresay, as a political commentator, he will always be a highly entertaining read, but as far as his friends on the Left are concerned, the wit has turned acid, the reasoned argument has become mere vituperation – and even rather hysterical vituperation on some occasions.

I hope that one day Paul Johnson may feel able to return to the party which he has served so unstintingly in the past – and which I still feel is his natural home. But I fear that his rapid decline into out-and-out Toryism is inevitable, for the tragedy is that, whereas Paul Johnson sees his own attitudes as immutable in a changing party and a changing world, the opposite is true.

Many even greater men and women have quit the Labour Party at one time or another and it is always depressing to lose them. But generally the consequences of resignation have been more disastrous for the quitters than for the party they have deserted. I sincerely hope that Paul Johnson will fare better than some others on the outside. And if he wants some day to return to the fold I hope that the party he has so much abused and ultimately renounced will be forgiving.

ED GLASSON
Prospective Parliamentary Candidate
Beaconsfield

35 Emmets Park
Binfield
Berks.

Sir, I wonder if Paul Johnson has considered that many of the people who apply for the kind of jobs advertised in, say, *New Society* do so out of precisely a concern for just those values of individuality and the free development of character the present threat to which he deplores? I am myself one of those 'sociology lecturers and others on the fringe of the higher education afflatus' and, while sharing his concern over the incoming tide of corporatism, I seem to detect a reliance here in his arguments on the same kind of stereotyping and critical myopia for which he quite rightly takes the large unions to task.

BRIAN TAYLOR

London SW1

Sir, Enough is enough. I know that Paul Johnson is on your Board but this is ridiculous. When the rest of us get an attack of wind we suck a couple of tablets, but he gets three whole pages. As I understand it, his claim to fame is as a 'polemicist'. If the characteristics of this art are an inability to define important concepts (corporatism, collectivism, individualism etc.), a predilection for personal abuse (Foot, Callaghan, Scanlon, etc.), a falsification of history (of the Labour Party particularly), a misunderstanding of theory (e.g. of the relationship between Fabianism and individualism) and a general inability to sustain a coherent and rational argument (allegedly in the name of reason!), then his status as a leading practitioner of the polemical art is well deserved. However, it is also an insult to your readers and to the tradition of rational

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discourse which you once represented. Please do not fall into the familiar editorial error of believing that the value of an article is measured by the response it provokes. Big stones hurled at random just make big splashes; smaller stones carefully thrown penetrate real targets. I am prepared to listen to an intelligent argument about the implications for individual liberty of the closed shop. I am not prepared to pay for the privilege of watching a frothy windbag in an apopletic fit shriek that the closed shop is the road to Auschwitz. So farewell Paul, not just to the Labour Party but to the NS too. While you go off to begin the process of falling out with the *Telegraph*, the rest of us can get back to the real debate within democratic socialism.

TONY WRIGHT
Prospective Parliamentary Candidate
Kidderminster

196 Hole Lane
Birmingham

Sir, Without commenting on Paul Johnson's political philosophy (much as I am tempted to), I want to protest against his, I fear, deliberately and emotively obscurantist use of expressions like 'Fascist Left' and 'corporate state' which compare with the calculated perversion of the word 'gay'.

'Fascist Left' is a contradiction in terms. My *OED* defines 'Fascist' as 'one of a body of Italian nationalists organised in 1919 under Benito Mussolini to *oppose Bolshevism*' [my emphasis]. In this spirit Mussolini sent a division of Fascist troops to fight with the Germans against the Soviets. 'Fascist Left' is a new political colouring like black White or white Black.

He seems equally confused about the 'corporate state' (although 'corporatism' is capable of various interpretations). Having lived and worked in a corporate state, I can tell Paul that one basic objective of the corporate state is to do away with trade unions by herding workers and their employers together, industry by industry, trade by trade – steel, coal, agriculture, services, etc. In British terms, the cover organisation would represent a fusion of the Confederation of British Industry and the Trades Union Congress.

This is not a semantic quibble. When asked what he would do if it were left to him to administer a country, Confucius said: 'It would certainly be to correct language . . . If language is not correct, then what is said is not what is meant . . . what ought to be done remains undone . . . morals and the arts will deteriorate, justice will go astray . . . the people will stand about in helpless confusion.'

WILLI FRISCHAUER

45 Apsley House
St John's Wood
London NW8

Sir, In Paul Johnson's article a reference was made to 'a grisly little plot to form a closed shop for the state theatre'. Since the Theatre Writers Union is the only new and active union, some people have leapt to the conclusion that Johnson was referring to us. If this was the case, he was completely misinformed.

In the joint negotiations between the Theatre Writers Union/Writers Guild and the Theatres National Committee for a minimum basic contract for subsidised theatres, neither union has sought to impose a closed shop. TWU membership is open to all playwrights, regardless of their personal views. Our only aim is to improve working conditions for writers in the theatre.

CARYL CHURCHILL

Theatre Writers Union
44 Earlham Street
London WC2

Cause for Pride?

Sir, I wonder whether Mr Jack Jones is aware of the irony contained in his piece 'The Buggers Won't Work' (NS 9 September) for what emerges only too clearly from his rather complacent article is that, for all its might, the British trade union movement can boast for its members no more than longer working hours, lower wages, shorter holidays let alone higher unemployment, lower unemployment benefits and less security of employment than in other comparable European countries. In most languages this type of performance would be called a 'fiasco' but it seems that in English it is known as 'socialism'.

J. STEEL

26 Kingsborough Gardens
Glasgow

Liberating Ms Greer

Sir, I was interested to read Germaine Greer's put-down of intravaginal intercourse as an enslaving influence (NS 9 September). Plainly, other patterns of human behaviour which have lasted a little while should likewise be re-assessed. The habit, for example, of placing food in the mouth is obviously a form of (inverted) aggression, and to be roundly condemned along with the whole outmoded concept of placing things in holes.

Can we not now move on to the massaging of vitamins into the skin, thereby enlarging the area of sensual pleasure and so helping to liberate the human psyche from the straitjacket of accepted stereotypes which are, ultimately, and need I say, sexist?

LESLIE CAPLAN

81b Frognal
London NW3

The Front in Lewisham

Sir, Patrick Wintour (NS 19 August) estimates 'the racist vote' in Lewisham East in the May GLC elections to be 15 per cent. My calculations make it no more than 1,900 votes out of 30,700 – 6 per cent, considerably lower than in a number of seats the other side of the river.

N. W. H. SIMON

211 Croxted Road
London SE21

Berkeley's Odyssey

Sir, Authors should have broad backs, and I only have one comment to make on Paul Foot's splendidly robust and rollicking review of my book *The Odyssey of Enoch* (NS 9 September).

He says that my book 'reeks of sympathy for Powell'. In fairness to myself, may I point out that I resigned from the Conservative Party on 17 April 1968, when it decided to oppose the Labour Government's Race Relations Bill, only three days before Powell's 'rivers of blood' speech, which is subjected to a merciless analysis in my book.

HUMPHRY BERKELEY

Three Pages Yard
Chiswick
London W4

Traps for the Unwary

Sir, There are *mots-pièges* that the French bestrew in the path of the Anglophone. A particularly tricky one snares even the most wary as it did Ian Hamilton (NS 2 September): *'Le Canard [Enchaîné] . . . being full of "humeur".'*

Humeur: spirit, temper, mood, Everyman in His.

Humour: sense of, unconscious.

G. G. WEINBERG

205 West 57th Street
New York

Dutiful Daughter

Sir, Your profile of Sir Charles Curran (NS 2 September) refers to 'an interview given by T. Dan Smith on the *Tonight* Programme'. You clearly do not realise that in April 1974 the *Tonight* Programme did not exist; 'The World of T. Dan Smith' was a special production by the *Money Programme*, of which my father was then the editor.

SOPHIE DEKKER

94 Ennerdale Road
Kew Gardens
Richmond, Surrey

Far Flung Corners

Sir, The correspondence about your crossword has moved me, after 20 patient years, to make a complaint. Of course it is very kind of you to publish one for the benefit of foreigners and the under-fives, but some of your readers are English-speaking adults, and I, for one, would like more than five minutes' worth of crossword for my 25p. You may well say 'if she isn't creative enough for the Comp. let her buy the *Listener*' – and I do, but there is a nasty gap in it every fourth week. How about producing an adults' crossword once a month, preferably please during the week when the *Listener* fobs us off with Consumer Viewpoint'?

SHEILA NOBLE

12 Azalea Close
Uxbridge Road
London W7

NEW FICTION

"Fools Say" by Nathalie Sarraute, (£5.25). '. . . Sarraute is a serious artist. Her aim is to express the inexpressible, to hold in the hand the most fleeting impressions . . . Nicely translated by Maria Jolas, it is especially refreshing and rewarding . . .' — Robert Nye in *The Guardian.* J. M. Henegan's **Pulse** (£5.95 & £3.50) is a picturesque novel, whose hero is Martin Manifold, Irish rake-hell, medical wit, part-time pugilist, iconoclast, Don Juan and drinker. 'The virtue of *Pulse* is the sheer verve and pace.' — Martyn Goff in *The Daily Telegraph.*

MUSIC

Music-Society-Education by Christopher Small. In this radical book (£6.95) the author argues that the Western tradition of music has become stultified and he compares it critically with the different role of music in African, Balinese and less industrialised cultures. 'Christopher Small's book discusses issues of profound significance with admirable lucidity.' — *The Guardian.* Two new additions to the *Opera Library* are **Wagner the Dramatist** by H. F. Garten (£5.95, illus.) and **Memories of the Opera** by Giulio Gatti-Casazza, (£9.50, illus.)

POLITICS (New Paperback)

Arthur Cyr's **Liberal Party Politics in Britain** (£9.95 & £4.95) is a fascinating study of the modern Liberal Party that charts its history and the development of its thinking under Davies, Grimmond and Thorpe, bringing us up to the David Steel era. 'This is the most interesting book published on the Liberal Party for a number of years.' — *Liberal News.*

NEW PLAYSCRIPTS

Alan Brown's **Wheelchair Willie** is a strange mixture of savage comedy and compassion: volume (£5.95) includes two screen plays, *Brown Ale with Gertie* (Illust.) and *O'Connor.* Howard Barker whose latest play, *That Good Between Us* (to be published in **GAMBIT 31 – Political Theatre Issue**) is now in rep with RSC, has two powerful and sardonic plays published in one volume, **Stripwell & Claw** (£6.50).

JOHN CALDER (Publishers) LTD. 18 Brewer Street, London W1R 4AS

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Clive James

Doubting Castle

God's Apology: A Chronicle of Three Friends by RICHARD INGRAMS *Deutsch* £5.50

It seemed an unpromising enough idea for a book. Richard Ingrams, inky editor of *Private Eye*, writes about the friendship between three literary journeymen – Hugh Kingsmill, Hesketh Pearson and Malcolm Muggeridge – and in defining their values defines his own. Such as they are. Having been keel-hauled by Ingrams when he reviewed one of my own books, I confess that when I accepted the commission (all right: begged for the opportunity) to review his latest volume my heart was not entirely free of the desire to take revenge. It is with mixed feelings, then, that I find *God's Apology* a substantial and interesting piece of work.

Hugh Kingsmill was an adept at spotting the gap between a writer's real-life personality and the personality which that same writer projected on the paper. He thought that no writer could successfully put into words more virtue than he practised. Bad character would reveal itself as pretentious writing. This basic critical precept was the main thing which Kingsmill passed on to Hesketh Pearson. They both passed it on to Malcolm Muggeridge. Muggeridge passed it on to Richard Ingrams. An apostolic succession of antipseuds.

Ingrams succeeds Michael Holroyd in helping to complete the process of enrolling Hugh Kingsmill among the most celebrated of neglected modern writers. Holroyd's anthology – and earlier biography – had already demonstrated that Kingsmill's talents lay towards the aphoristic. After respectfully absorbing Holroyd's anthology, you could see no reason for turning to the books from which it was culled. After respectfully absorbing *God's Apology*, you will see no reason for turning to Holroyd's anthology. Ingrams has appended a brief section entitled 'Sayings of Hugh Kingsmill'. These, coupled to the portrait of their author provided in the body of the book, give you the essence of the man. He was clearly a penetrating moralist. The best of his aphorisms have La Rochefoucauld's realism tempered by La Bruyère's humanity. Some of them even have Santayana's or Lichtenberg's philosophical depth. The aphorism is a revealing form, to the point that anyone who cultivates it deliberately is almost certain to be no good at it. Kingsmill was good at it.

> *Suicide*: The coward's way in. *Spiritualism*: Spiritualism is the mysticism of the materialist. *Talent and Genius*: A man of talent thinks more highly of himself when he has a success, a man of genius thinks more highly of the world. *Shyness*: Shyness is egotism out of its depth. *Fanaticism*: Fanaticism consists in redoubling your effort when you have forgotten your aim.

The last example is from Santayana. I don't see that Kingsmill's efforts are shown up by it, except perhaps for the one about shyness, which has a tinge of Wildean mascara. (Most of the shy people I know suffer from the opposite of egotism.) Kingsmill's place in the short list of valuable aphorists can from now on be regarded as secure. Success, of course, has come late. Ingrams argues forcefully that Kingsmill was a man out of his time. In Britain during the Thirties a literary journalist had to be seen to care about public affairs and politics. Kingsmill, who was indifferent to them, disqualified himself from being in demand even as a hack. Compiling pot-boiling anthologies, spending the derisory advances for books he never got around to writing, he lived the classic pawned existence of the unworldly literatus. His was the Grub Street of George Gissing, writ even smaller. Like Edward Thomas he wore himself out producing books that were successful only in the completeness of their failure to do him justice.

But Ingrams overstates his case by linking Kingsmill's frustration solely to his lack of sympathy with the spirit of the age. There are Kingsmills in every age. On Ingrams's own evidence, Kingsmill was a recognisable literary type. Grub Street can always boast a quota of hacks ready to erect their own fecklessness into a moral code. Obviously Kingsmill was better than that, but Ingrams might have argued harder to prove it. It is clear that Kingsmill was genuinely unworldly, genuinely hated the will to power, genuinely distrusted success. But he was capable of lapses from his own standards.

Ingrams introduces such lapses as if they were lovable touches of character. Possibly so, but the reader can't help wondering what *Private Eye*'s unforgiving editor might have made of them if his purpose had been demolition instead of hagiography. Kingsmill envied the more successful Pearson and quarrelled with him because of it. After half a lifetime of poking fun at Bernard Shaw's materialism Kingsmill was not above touching the despised sage for ten quid. Even in the Australian school of literary morals, we weren't allowed to slag a man *and* put the bite on him simultaneously: it had to be one or the other.

But on the whole Kingsmill was true to himself. His failings were only human, even though he might have found those same failings ruinous in his enemies, and in *his* enemies Ingrams would be certain to. Kingsmill was against Dawnism – he distrusted any political movement which offered happiness to all mankind. It is easy to say now that he was right. At the time there were still intelligent idealists who needed convincing. Hesketh Pearson was one of them. Kingsmill helped relieve Pearson of his illusions about millennarian prophets such as Bernard Shaw. (It was at a later time, and in even more straitened circumstances, that Kingsmill helped relieve Bernard Shaw of ten pounds.)

The friendship between Kingsmill and Pearson was close, surpassing the love of women. (Again one can only speculate about the tone Ingrams might have taken if his intentions had been hostile: Lord Gnome's clean-living organ has traditionally given poovery short shrift.) Kingsmill idealised his women and usually had a thin time. Pearson, a handsome charmer, suffered from abundance. For nine years he was torn between wife and mistress. For nine years the mistress begged him to ask for a divorce but he couldn't bring himself to hurt his wife. He chose the moment after their son had been killed in the Spanish Civil War to ask his devastated spouse if she would let him go. She let him go. The mistress told him it was too late. The wife agreed to take him back. The best you can say about the hero of such a story is that even if his instincts were right, his timing was off.

Ingrams says that Pearson never forgave himself. What Ingrams doesn't say is whether or not we should examine Pearson's writings in the light of his behaviour. All we are told is that Pearson's unfortunate experience gave him special insight into Hazlitt. Granted, but one would have thought that the main thing raising the author of *Liber Amoris* above the Hesketh Pearsons of this world is the ability to keep failure in mind as well as take it to heart. There is no comment left to make on Hazlitt's foolishness. He said everything himself. It helped him to become wise. In doubting himself, he understood the world.

As transmitted to us in this book, Kingsmill and Pearson doubt the world. Neither is shown to be very good at understanding himself. Actually Kingsmill's aphoristic subtlety suggests a greater degree of self-knowledge than Ingrams allows him. Hampered by parochialism, Ingrams is plainly unaware that in every language and epoch even the most gifted poets have always idealised the object of their love, not because they see less than other men but because they see more. The secret of Kingsmill's critical power lies as much in his receptivity as in his nose for pretension. In this respect Ingrams sells Kingsmill short. But perhaps that was inevitable, since he is so eager to stress the embattled stance these men adopted against the follies of the age, a posture made familiar to the present generation by the youngest and now only living member of the trio, Malcolm Muggeridge.

Ingrams hasn't much to say about Muggeridge, which is lucky, because as an exemplar of selfless utterance Muggeridge can scarcely bear much examination. He fits neatly enough into the line of homespun philosophers, leading from Kingsmill down to Ingrams, who are not gulled by popular enthusiasms. But he does plenty of gulling on his own account. If you accept Kingsmill's distinction between the charlatan and the thinker ('A charlatan makes obscure

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what is clear, a thinker makes clear what is obscure'), then Muggeridge is a charlatan. He has never raised an issue without leaving it more clouded than it was before. Far from being stimulating even when wrong, he is misleading even when right. His intransigence is really a way of indulging himself.

But all Ingrams allows himself to see is the intransigence. And indeed there is something attractive about the picture he paints of a tiny band of brothers defying the spirit of the age. At its best, this book is an engaging celebration of independent men – sceptics who defended intelligence with humour. But there was something cosy about the way they applied their test of sincerity – which is, though always a necessary, never a sufficient measure of value. It left them scornful of almost everything except each other. *Private Eye* radiates the same cosiness. Contemptuous of the will to power, it misuses its own power without a qualm. The division is in its editor's nature: like his three heroes, he is a reactionary, in the sense that he is sure only of what he is against. He and the *Eye* crew forgive nothing to anyone else and everything to themselves. So it is that Ingrams is able on the one hand to write a book as sensitive as this, and on the other to let Nigel Dempster fulfil his life's ambition, which is to tell dirty stories about the people he envies, and send their children crying home from school.

V. S. Pritchett

Reminders

The Fields Beneath: The History of One London Village by GILLIAN TINDALL
Temple Smith £8.50

Anyone who was engaged in the battle against the infernal Motorway Box a few years ago soon found out that the squashed villages of inner London were recovering a lost sense of locality. 'Historic' London has grown fat on its elegances, but anonymous districts, mainly shabby-genteel or working-class terraces, had to fight for the few amenities left to them. By the mid-19th century, the railways had created large wildernesses in places like Camden Town and Kentish Town and the wound was raw and dirty. We who lived in such spots knew we were an awkward case: places like ours had been thoroughfares to the blissful outer suburbs probably ever since the Romans sent boats up the Fleet River to Saint Pancras, a holy but useless legend.

We lay along one of London's main roads to the north. Our forebears, when the place ceased to be farmers' land 200 years ago, were hungry immigrants from the country, small craftsmen – we were distinguished in the piano-making trade – or businessmen getting out of the smoky Wen into better air, until the London crowd swarmed in. Never distinguished, fond but uninteresting except to the incurably modest antiquarian,

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48 Charles Street, London W1X 8AH

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Kentish Town was going downhill by the mid-19th century into a stagnant anonymity. Gillian Tindall is one of the new wave of local historians who have realised that under this anonymity lies the palimpsest history of modern London; and who also knows that a district which has become a corridor is a distinctive problem for most great cities in the world.

Miss Tindall's study of Kentish Town is not blighted by sociology. It is felt, original and vivid, and her research is thorough and concerned. The book is indeed a model for future writers who feel the new desire of city dwellers to know where they live and what the meaning of a sense of livable place is. Her history runs deep into old ownership and new tenants, rising and falling families, old trades and new. Shrewd Cobbett was angry because the land north of Saint Pancras had stopped growing corn and had turned to supplying hay – the petrol of the time – for London's horse transport. My own mother's family seem to have been drawn from the hayfields to the town as gardeners or servants of the new commuters in the city, took in lodgers, worked in shops, were native pedestrians. City and country mingled in what must have been a society more staid and yet as rootless as our own. Kentish Town was not as posh as Hampstead, but it had its high and low-class clerky Pooters until the shunting of goods wagons on the railways in the night drove out their rising sons. Miss Tindall takes every period of history carefully from the time when Kentish Town was Ken ditch, the ditch being the Fleet River that now runs from the Vale of Health, through sewers to the Thames, to the present. 'The town', she says

> is simply disguised countryside . . . The main roads, older than history itself, still bend to avoid long-dried marshes, or veer off at an angle where the wall of a manor house once stood . . . Garden walls follow the line of old hedgerows . . . street patterns have been determined by the holdings of an individual farmer's parcel of land which can be traced back to the Norman Conquest.

Passing a decaying villa one day she noticed some crank had carved these words on the lintel: The Fields Lie Sleeping Underneath. My mother certainly felt this. In London history, after 1800, such feeling is certainly apprehensible. Was the crank being sentimental about the past? No: he is a reminder. The manorial system is still commemorated when the barrowboy refers to his London district as his 'manor'.

It is – or was – a strength of Londoners that they used to think of themselves as historic instances, a satisfying antidote to the London worry about an exigent present and a doubtful future. Pleasure lay in feeling you were someone known in a few streets. To have that ripped from you is anarchy and loneliness – the sickness of the highrise Gulags. But what about modern Kentish Town, from which the prosperous of earlier generations had fled? The air has improved since the electrification of the railways. Their great-grandchildren seem to be returning from the country and outer suburbs to which their bronchitic parents went.

> A taste for urban stucco rather than suburban mock timbering is the superficial expression of something much deeper than a rejection of the rural idyll in favour of a more sophisticated and cosmopolitan one, fashionably egalitarian. Over large parts of southern England the country village, in its traditional form, had died, killed off by various things, including the influx of moneyed refugees from places like Kentish Town. It was the children and grandchildren of those refugees who returned with a new, if disguised, romanticism, to seek another village – in a city.

Romantic this may be, but the corresponding anti-romance of the council estates – Miss Tindall thinks – has turned out to be socially divisive as Kentish Town revives.

> Partly this is due to the physical nature of most estate architecture – the way it turns its back on prevailing street patterns and, in discouraging through traffic, inevitably discourages outsiders from entering on foot also. Many adjacent streets are so much unknown territory to the people living in adjacent streets . . .

I won't go on. Miss Tindall is putting her case for a Kentish Town which is still divided by its fate as a thoroughfare but recovering itself as a place to live in. The modern peculiarity of contemporary Kentish Town is expressed in four final vignettes: 'the angry young woman with two children of disparate colours' in a double push-chair – relic of a high-minded commune; she has been re-housed by the council. A colony of Irishmen dig up the pavement; a man in a dark suit, carrying a briefcase is off to County Hall while his wife gets the car out to take the children to a state primary school – 'not the nearest one'. Two blowsy women, a mother and daughter, both smoking cigarettes, are off to the launderette, followed by a husband with a load on the same errand. A woman types at home. Writers thrive on mixed districts.

Miss Tindall has a sharp mind and eye and is an excellent local historian of the new kind because she belongs. She is in the remarkable tradition of Jane Jacobs of New York, the prophetess of the inner city's revolt.

Edward Mendelson

Mirrors for Magistrates

Politics and Literature in Modern Britain
by GEORGE WATSON *Macmillan £5.95*

This has been quite a season for tendentious literary history. Only a few weeks ago, at the end of Martin Green's *Children of the Sun*, the English writer-dandies of the Twenties and Thirties minced their way off stage right in smudged make-up and low spirits. Now, after scarcely enough time to change costume, here they are again in George Watson's new book, jackbooting on from stage left, wearing brutal expressions and uniforms borrowed from guards in the Gulag. As a *coup de théâtre* this proves to be much less impressive than it sounds. It is all done with mirrors: Mr Green finds one sort of literary history in his own mirror, Mr Watson another sort in his. Martin Green considers the politics of writers to be a trivial matter of literary fashion; and he thinks critics like himself should follow the trends as well. For Mr Watson, whose extreme hatred of his subjects is the only emotion his book expresses, all writers on the Left are motivated by cold-blooded and deliberate hatred.

Politics and Literature in Modern Britain collects ten of Mr Watson's recent essays, chiefly on writers of whom he disapproves. The book has little to say about politics, except to give vent to Mr Watson's prejudices, and less about literature. Mr Watson's dislikes range from Matthew Arnold (shown to be an ill-informed liar whom no one ever took seriously) through D. H. Lawrence (unmasked as a closet bourgeois whose internal conflicts over class reflect only his lies about his origins) to Richard Hoggart and Raymond Williams (exposed as the Maoist sages of the New Left). There are many other knaves and rogues along the way; socialists, for example, prove to have been the worst racialists of all. There is only one book that Mr Watson thoroughly admires, but it is a book whose author never got around to writing it – Acton's projected *History of Liberty*.

Mr Watson cultivates a literary style appropriate to the meanness of his historical vision. His favourite tropes are the cheap innuendo and the gratuitous sneer. When he refers to Richard Hoggart's account of his childhood as 'an account never seriously questioned', one expects him to follow through with some serious questions. In fact he has none. He has only a sneer, which he seems to think sufficient for discrediting Hoggart. Mr Watson quotes Orwell's remark on Auden's 'Spain' – a poem written 'by a person to whom murder is at most a *word*' – only to ask how Orwell *knows* 'that murder was only a word for left-wing intellectuals?' Where, demands Mr Watson, is Orwell's proof that they hadn't actually *committed* murder?

> It is true [notice the curling lip] we still do not know whether murder was committed, or even planned, within the circles that Orwell makes fun of. But the harsh noises that emerge, from *Die Massnahme* (1930) to *Trial of a Judge* (1938), do not make it utterly unlikely.

If this passage suggests that Mr Watson has the silliest possible notion of the relation between fiction and action (and the man is a Cambridge University lecturer in English), his readings of individual works prove to be sillier still. Mr Watson cites Spender's *Trial of a Judge* as an endorsement of Stalin's murders; but his case rests on a chorus of communist prisoners who predict their own martyrdom at the hands of the Nazis. By this logic, the New Testament must be read as an argument for judicial crucifixion.

Mr Watson's chapter on the Thirties

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Left – a chapter whose wild misreadings are entirely typical of this book – portrays Auden, Spender, MacNeice and their contemporaries as conscious supporters of all elements of Stalin's rule, particularly the mass murders. Mr Watson demonstrates this not only through spectacular howlers but through a process of circular reasoning that is wonderful to behold. He begins by assuming that Marxism is monolithic, that it demands and receives unquestioning and total obedience. It follows from this that anyone who takes a sympathetic interest in any aspect of Marxist thought supports every aspect of the monolithic whole – including Stalin's 'doctrine of extermination'. Therefore anyone who felt the emotional appeal of communism, or thought Marx was right about alienation of labour under capitalism, also approved wholeheartedly of the verdicts handed down at the Moscow trials and may be held responsible for them.

It is putting it mildly to observe that this argument is inept in its logic and imaginary in its history. But Mr Watson is not content with mere ineptitude: he insists on demolishing his own argument entirely. He does this by following his attack on the Thirties Left with a chapter of excuses for the Thirties Right, and by applying a double standard that is so extreme it renders both chapters unbelievable. Mr Watson cannot mention socialism without linking it to Stalin's 'doctrine of extermination'; but when he writes about Hitler he refers only to some decorously unspecific 'policies'.

Mr Watson assumes that the Left was unified in its conscious murderousness, but is convinced that the Right 'was wracked by ignorance of what was happening, as well as torturing uncertainties'. After claiming to hear cries of blood-lust rising from the Thirties poets, Mr Watson offers an account of the career of Ezra Pound in which he manages to ignore Pound's call on Italian radio for a pogrom of important Jews. Mr Watson may have had a good reason for the omission. Pound called only for the murder of Jews who were important; he was willing to let the unimportant ones live. Presumably Mr Watson considers this selectivity far less murderous than the bloodthirsty remark he cites in evidence against Auden: 'We have waited a long time for a Marxist book on the aesthetic of poetry.'

Comparably savage moments in Auden's work lead Mr Watson to this conclusion:

> I believe Auden was an active Marxist revolutionary through most or all of the Thirties, probably from his first year in Berlin in 1928-9 at least till his migration to the United States in January 1939.

Every word in this sentence is fantasy, except the first two, which only show that Mr Watson will believe anything. However, when he turns his attention to the Right, his credulousness takes a different form:

> Wyndham Lewis had supported Italian fascism in *The Art of Being Ruled*, it is true, and wrote two books in modified and facetious praise of Hitler . . . and he condoned the Italian invasion of Abyssinia in 1935 and sided with Franco in 1936. But the chief thrust of his argument is anti-French: an hostility to the Versailles treaty . . .

Mr Watson is not writing satire on the attitudes he professes to hold, even if this would seem the only rational explanation for much of the oddness of this book. He is quite serious when he writes, at the end of a chapter filled with resentment of Professors Hoggart and Williams: 'No man, unless the most envious, need begrudge them the fortunes they made or the enjoyment they won.' And he has convinced himself he is right when, after producing no evidence for his assertion that the literary Left was a savage lot, he concludes: 'Even the accusing eye of the historian is bound to flicker in the bright light of that assertion, and wish the evidence less good than it is.'

Mr Watson wrote 12 years ago:

> This is the moment to insist that every contribution to English studies should be tested by someone who will ask blunt and necessary questions about its credentials. Is it a contribution? And if it is, what does it add to human knowledge?

The answer to these questions, when asked of this book, is one Mr Watson never intended. He has demonstrated the validity of two propositions: that irrational hatred, in the absence of physical force or political power, is more likely to harm those who hate than those hated; and that a mirror makes a very poor lens for an historian.

Richard Boston

Messing About

Rum, Bum and Concertina by GEORGE MELLY
Weidenfeld £4.95

In term, of courage the British armed forces and those of the United States were matched with perfect evenness in the second world war. While they had Erroll Flynn and Steve McQueen on their side, we had John Mills and Trevor Howard on ours. The significant difference was in matters of discipline and sexual morality: we had bags of both, while for the otherwise affluent Yanks they were in short supply.

So at least I was brought up to understand. It therefore came as a shock last Thursday to read George Melly's hilarious account of service in the wartime Royal Navy before, after and partly during the showing of *From Here to Eternity* on the box. Poor Montgomery Clift and Frank Sinatra could hardly move there was so much discipline about, and the nearest to a breach of strictest sexual propriety was Burt Lancaster and Deborah Kerr going for a swim after lights-out. Ordinary Seaman Melly, on the other hand, seems to have inhabited a world of almost total permissiveness, both naval and sexual.

Owning-Up, published a few years ago, was an account of Mr Melly's early jazz-singing career, and strongly featured many joyful heterosexual encounters. *Rum, Bum and Concertina*, an account of the preceding part of his life, is much taken up with homosexual ones. Over the past ten years Mr Melly has admirably played the role of a kind of anti-Longford, a Mr Blackhouse perhaps, affirming constantly that sex, far from being disgusting, is great fun and terribly funny.

Doubtless it is merely a matter of my own more conventional and less omnivorous predilections that make me prefer the bawdy of *Owning-Up* to that of the new book. Not that the bits about sex in *Rum, Bum and Concertina* are less than fascinating, especially to someone without experience of the homosexual world. I find myself amazed at Mr Melly's account of it. How easy it all seems. Partners appear to be so much more readily available, and to simplify things further there's a converse shortage of emotions. There are even free meals and hard cash to be made out of homosexuality. All in all, a very far cry from the wretched world of the tyro male heterosexual.

Mr Melly's encounters developed from the usual public-school ones to a social circle that extended from the lower decks to Bohemia and the aristocracy. If Mr Melly is to be believed, the bunks and hammocks of the Royal Navy were (are?) hotbeds of erections stimulated by thoughts of, and activities with, an endless supply of mess-mates. The pubs and drawing-rooms of London were similarly supplied. It's all very strange to me. I have not been in the armed forces, but my life has not been so very sheltered and I have spent quite some time in all-male societies (I even went to the same school as Mr Melly, though some years later). How is it that I've never noticed all these goings-on? Certainly I've met homosexuals (some of my best friends etcetera), but I have never come across the kind of Buggers' Opera that Mr Melly found not only in wartime London but on ship after ship. Either I've been terribly naïve, or else Mr Melly's experience has been very much out of the usual. Probably both propositions are true. Certainly Mr Melly himself is out of the usual, and not just in sexual matters. It was a most

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un-Ordinary Seaman who in 1945 was also a surrealist and an anarchist. He showed no more discretion about these subversive aesthetic and political ideas than his queening was of the closet kind.

Mr Melly's locker door was decorated not with the usual pin-up but a reproduction of Magritte's *Le Viol* (the picture in which a woman's face is replaced by her torso). The actual contents of the locker consisted mostly of the works of Kropotkin and Bakunin, and anarchist pamphlets from the Freedom Press. Distributing the latter to his fellow-seamen got him into trouble, but of an amazingly mild form. Only quite recently civilians have been had up for Incitement to Disaffection for doing much the same thing. But Mr Melly bore a life as charmed as a drunkard's – not so surprising perhaps, since he was indeed often drunk. This Lord of Misrule emerged from it all unscathed – apart from the occasional incident like being debagged and having jam stuffed up his eponymous bum. He took even this demonstration against his open effeminacy in a most philosophical manner. After all, he reflected, it could have been boot-polish.

Bruce Page

Bombing Along

Ruin from the Air by GORDON THOMAS and MAX MORGAN WITTS *Hamish Hamilton* £5.95

Paul Tibbets has never been able to see what was so special about his mission of 6 August 1945. Last year, he re-enacted it at a Texas air-show, with a B-29 and a mushroom cloud faked-up from chemical explosives. The resulting outcry he considered 'ridiculous'. As the Hiroshima tale unreels again, Tibbets is one in a string of technicians who just did a job, didn't think a whole lot about it: no sir, couldn't say it really had a big emotional impact. Most of them seem decent, honest men – with the conspicuous exception of the weather-plane pilot Claude Eatherley, who made a career of 'repenting' what Tibbets (not he himself) had done.

It seems harsh to compare them with sleazier exponents of mass destruction. But it's hard not to hear an echo of Rudolf Hoess – who introduced Zyklon B to Auschwitz in pursuit of larger and more 'humane' throughput – testifying that he 'really never expended much thought' upon the nature of his actions. This may be partly due to the tone-deafness of the authors, who pile up facts with briskness rather than discrimination. They touch on Niels Bohr, his hair-raising escape from Nazi Europe, and his attempt to halt the use of the bomb. But the only adjectives they find for him are 'garrulous' and 'bumbling': it's like a naval history in which Nelson appears merely as 'skinny' and 'adulterous'.

Still, some variation in the moral landscape is perceptible. General Leslie ('Greasy') Groves, the engineer of the bomb project, appears as his nightmarish self: privily stuffing chocolates, embroidering vast informer-networks, and exhibiting stupefaction when his pet idea of using the bomb on the shrine-city of Kyoto is vetoed by Stimson, the Secretary for War. Kyoto, though populous, would have rated with Lourdes or Mecca as a military target. Groves's great fear was that Curtis ('Bombs Away') LeMay might make such practice with chemical explosive as to leave no scope for atomic demolition in Japan. LeMay appears, gruffly endorsing the switch to Hiroshima: 'Bombing people . . . just isn't profitable.' Hiroshima at least had military significance, and, ultimately, one-third of the casualties were soldiers.

The authors don't seem to realise that officers like LeMay and Carl Spaatz had come from a European theatre where they had fought bitterly to ensure that the USAAF at least *tried* to hit colourably military targets. It had cost much to avoid being sucked in by 'Bomber' Harris and his wild determination to use the RAF as an instrument of random terror. But Stimson, Spaatz and LeMay had encountered ideas like Groves's before.

From any viewpoint less constricted than that of a B-29 cockpit, it's plain that the atomic bombing of Japan was one of the most horrific episodes in the horrific climax of the second world war. (And, like many other nightmares, it was based on erroneous perceptions about the condition of the other side.) What's harder to see – particularly amid trendy 'realism' about the state of modern man – is that but for the actions of certain courageous people the dreadful inheritance might be unbearably worse.

Generally, when one encounters Henry Stimson among the machinery of history, one feels that the existence of this flinty old Wall Street lawyer made some improvement in the greyish survival prospects of the human race. We now know that while he was stopping Groves from incinerating Buddhist shrines, he was busy foiling Churchill, Eden and Simon in their desire to settle the German question with a St Valentine's Day Massacre of some 150 German leaders, prick'd off more or less arbitrarily in secret session. Hiroshima and Nuremberg set up a tension that's hard to live with. But where would we be now if the war had ended with the immolation of Kyoto and a grand replay of Hitler's own Night of the Long Knives?

Among this week's contributors:

RICHARD BOSTON is the editor of *Vole*. His most recent book *Baldness Be My Friend* is published this month by Elm Tree Books.

NIGEL WILLIAMS's first novel *My Life Closed Twice* was published earlier this year by Secker & Warburg.

FRANK TUOHY is the author of *Yeats* (Macmillan, 1976).

CLIVE JAMES is the television critic of the *Observer*.

GREY GOWRIE's collection of poems, *A Postcard from Don Giovanni*, was published by Oxford in 1972.

Frank Tuohy

Officer Class

Maud Gonne by SAMUEL LEVENSON *Cassell* £6.95

Given the current fashion for biographical subjects from the early years of the century, Maud Gonne was bound to turn up sooner or later. Born circa 1865 – she had some reason to be vague about the date – Maud grew up divinely tall and fair, one of the great beauties of her age about whose looks it is difficult to find a dissenting opinion. Even W. B. Yeats's judgment in 'Broken Dreams' – 'And yet your body had a flaw: Your small hands were not beautiful' – has been challenged by Miachael MacLiammoir, and may have been due to artistic strategy: Tolstoy, after all, gave Anna Karenina a 'slight waddle'. Disdaining fashionable life in Dublin, London and Paris, Maud became a fanatic for Irish freedom, campaigning against evictions in Donegal, appearing on stage as 'Cathleen ni Houlihan', and marrying John MacBride, the hero of the Irish Brigade in the Boer War and afterwards one of the martyrs of Easter 1916. With the Treaty and the Free State, Maud assumed perpetual mourning and campaigned against prison conditions under the first Cosgrave and De Valera. Threatened throughout her life by consumption, she died aged 87 and was buried in the Republican plot at Glasnevin Cemetery. Her son Sean MacBride became a notable figure in the IRA. Her son-in-law, Francis Stuart, is a well-known neglected novelist: Ireland's Henry Williamson, perhaps.

Principally, though, Maud is known through her celebration in many, perhaps too many, poems by Yeats. Unlike his greatest verse, which proclaims his belief in the artificiality of art, these poems seem too confessional, too close to experience to be sure in their touch. Even when he calls Maud to account, as in 'Prayer for my Daughter', there is something a bit off-key:

> An intellectual hatred is the worst,
> So let her think opinions are accursed.
> Have I not seen the loveliest woman born
> Out of the mouth of Plenty's horn,
> Because of her opinionated mind
> Barter that horn and every good
> By quiet natures understood
> For an old bellows full of angry wind?

Irish historians have recently taken up the task of demythologising Maud Gonne. She is a picturesque but not an important character in the story; all the same, it would be pleasant to have the record put straight. Samuel Levenson has been unable to do this, partly because of his limitations as a writer, partly through lack of evidence. The descendants of noteworthy Irishmen, if they are shocked by the candour of the Bloomsburyites, could at least emulate the Gore-Booths: Anne Marecco's *The Rebel Countess* is far more informative and far more successful. Mr Levenson relies heavily on Yeats's *Memoirs* and Maud Gonne's *A Servant of the Queen*. Yeats is a great

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gossip but he stretched the truth; *A Servant of the Queen* is entertaining but a product of enormous self-esteem.

In his introduction Mr Levenson attacks Denis Donoghue for suggesting that a treasure-trove of Yeats-Gonne letters lies in a Dublin bank: they are not, he says, in a bank and in any case are trivial and of no importance. If they are in fact trivial, Professor Donoghue has recently asked, why aren't we allowed to see them? If they deal with MacBride's drunkenness and brutality, they are of vital importance to a biography. John Quinn, the New York lawyer whose papers are a gold mine for biographers, had met MacBride and considered him 'a liar and a libertine and a drunkard'. Quinn told Maud that he felt 'sorry for any lady that had anything to do with a middle-class Irish drunkard'. In her marriage as much as anything, Maud showed her ignorance of Ireland. If her campaigns were successful, it was not because she was a woman, but because she was a lady. She was, as Sean O'Casey put it, 'the Colonel's daughter still'.

As a biographer, Mr Levenson has no flair and little feeling for the period. But the story is interesting and there is plenty of material for an anti-myth. The Cooks, Maud's maternal ancestors, were a delightfully raffish family with Anglo-Portuguese connections: Trollope might have invented them. The Gonnes remain obscure, though probably there was no truth in Maud's claim to have Irish blood. Lieutenant Thomas Gonne married Edith Cook in church, a day before Maud was born – hence her imprecision about her age. Maud was brought up in France, after her mother's death, and before she was 20 had met the love of her life, Lucien Millevoye, journalist and politician, a right-wing, anti-Semite Anglophobe, who was 15 years her senior. Maud spoke often of seeing peasant families evicted as a child or a young woman, but Mr Levenson may be right in thinking that it was Millevoye, a fanatical hater of *Albion perfide*, who instigated her devotion to Ireland. In later years her hatred of England extended to the Free State, and she was joined in her protests by Hanna Sheehy-Skeffington and Mrs Despard, the sister of Field-Marshal French. Senator Gogarty, in a somewhat tired and emotional speech congratulating Yeats on his Nobel prize, referred to 'a blindness to the national ideal . . . led by a few ferocious and home-breaking old harridans'. Maud Gonne's 'intellectual hatred' derived from Millevoye and was certainly unattractive, but her life was un-Gallic in its generosity and compassion. It makes a moving story, even though much remains hazy.

To give a final example of this lack of evidence: Mr Levenson speaks of Yeats's 'unconsummated love', whereas Richard Ellmann has written of a journal, so far unpublished, in which it is made clear that Yeats's 'unrequited love found requital'. After that, though, 'the darkness drops again'. In the meantime one can learn more of these elaborate and fascinating beings from a memory of Frank O'Connor's, which Mr Levenson does not quote:

> One evening [Yeats] told me that Maud had been to see him and in her beautiful tragic way asked him if he proposed to 'betray Ireland'. According to himself he replied: 'It's all very well for you, Maud. Your father was an English officer and it's not in your blood to betray Ireland. But my father betrayed Ireland, and my grandfather betrayed Ireland, and it's in my blood to betray Ireland too, Maud.'

Nigel Williams

Name No Names

Farewell Companions by JAMES PLUNKETT *Hutchinson* £4.95
Hurricane Wake by ROSALIND ASHE *Hutchinson* £3.95
Enemies by GILES GORDON *Harvester* £4.50
Migrations by GABRIEL JOSIPOVICI *Harvester* £4.50

James Plunkett's new novel deals with the state that grew out of the terrible beauty of 1916 – the passionate, parochial affair that Sean O'Faolain has described as 'the grocer's republic'. It's a place where *Antic Hay* can be condemned as a work of the Devil and the English (or both together), a place where revolutionary idealism is decaying into complacency; and Plunkett, in a long, well-written and often moving book, has not attempted to glamorise it. His hero, Tim McDonagh, the son of a chauffeur, is depressingly probable, as are the companions of the title – Brian Moloney and Des Cunningham. Tim moves through a Christian Brothers education, into clerking for a Dublin firm, nights on the booze with other bachelors, and, finally, the courtship of a girl as serious and as Catholic as he is. At the close of the book, she abandons him for America and he abandons her for the Church – a fair Irish exchange.

On the Celtic fringes of the plot, however, the characters are a wild amalgam of myth and realism. There is O'Sheehan ('he lived only in himself. He was Oisin, son of Trenmor, content to play chess with Oscar in pleasant gardens under shady trees . . .'), Cornelius Moloney, a publican who develops an unhealthy regard for Fianna Fail ('he had done his bit, thanks be to God. The Civil War was another matter and when it came to mind he tried to dismiss it. The glory had turned to shame'), and, as well as these two, who act as a kind of chorus, a whole gallery of clerks, maiden aunts, revolutionaries, monks and drunks, all the stock characters of modern Ireland and some of their stock responses – including a hilarious exchange of telegrams between Eamon de Valera and Pope Pius X. But Plunkett's writing avoids easy comedy; it is accurate without being cold, and tender without being sentimental. Even if the deaths and entrances are sometimes too symmetrically arranged and the epic quality of the narrative comes, on occasion, dangerously close to rambling, *Farewell Companions* remains a splendid book, a long, intensely readable evocation of a country graduating from colonial rule to seedy independence.

Colonialism, though of a different kind, is part of the fabric of Rosalind Ashe's second novel *Hurricane Wakes*. Her characters are prisoners of an over-quaint childhood, warding off the natives with back numbers of *Punch* and *Highlights From Showboat*. Tom ('Mars Tom', as his retainers call him), his sister Elizabeth (the narrator) and Maurice, their childhood friend, a poor white of German origin, are holed up in their West Indian farm as the hurricane whirls in from the sea. It is not only the weather that's unsettled. As the storm reaches its height, Maurice is beheaded, Cousin Edward flies in from Florida, looking like – indeed possibly *being* – a ghost, while mad Aunt Cissie and a few local yokels gibber and groan in harmony with the elements. It's a Gothic horror tale; as well as the hurricane there is black magic, suppressed sexuality and, by way of a finale, the imprisoning of the narrator in The Turret by brother Tom. Is he mad? Is she? Are they *both* mad? I found myself becoming increasingly indifferent to these questions, not because Ms Ashe isn't a skilful writer (she writes good, hectic prose well up to the insanity of the occasion) but because the narrative starts at such a pitch of intensity that, after a 100 or so pages, it has nowhere to go but down.

At least Ms Ashe's characters start by intriguing the reader; the shadowy figures described in *Migrations* and in *Enemies* have little mystery, hidden or otherwise. The real mystery is why Giles Gordon and Gabriel Josipovici bother to describe them at all. In Mr Gordon's book, a couple, Marjorie and Frank Flood, arrive to stay with their friends the Hiltons in an unnamed country somewhere in Europe. Tom, the host, is having an affair with Marjorie. Angela and Frank seem to lack the imagination necessary for such a step. There may or may not be a revolution happening in the country, and, at the end of the book, someone does something nasty to the Hiltons' garden, but who they are or why they've done it is not made clear. In Mr Josipovici's book, the author's coyness about who is who approaches the paranoid. It has infected his blurb writer too, who asks, in a bewildered tone – 'A labyrinth? An ENIGMA? An intricate mechanical toy? A piece of music? *Migrations* is reminiscent of all these.' It concerns a man, unnamed, who is seen walking down a road, lying in bed with a woman, being sick, being interrogated and being in a pub. All this seems to be happening over and over again, in strict rotation. As he remarks, after 218 pages: 'Even death is better than this perpetual wandering, this perpetual migration . . .' Perhaps he is a kind of symbolic lemming. Why do some people think that by not naming something you automatically make it significant?

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Benedict Nightingale

Looking Backwards

The Old Country *Queens*
As You Like It *Stratford*
Queen Christina *Other Place, Stratford*

There is, I confess, a puritan side to me that has sometimes wondered if it shouldn't give Alan Bennett a good shaking. That wry and rueful affection for English idiosyncrasy, that barely camouflaged nostalgia for old times and old ways – aren't these the unmistakable symptoms of that most debilitating of contemporary plagues, chronic Betjemanitis? And that delight of his in parody and pastiche, that instinct for the wittily-angled phrase, that urge to enclose life within half-visible quotation marks – isn't all this a distraction and a snare, liable to seduce him from the business of building character and piecing together a play? Well, perhaps so. But one of the civilised arts is to make a merit of what other people see as your limitations, a lesson that *The Old Country* suggests Mr Bennett has learnt very well. His protagonist's main characteristics are detachment and irony, a near-pathological tendency to recycle experience into amusing apophthegm; and since he and his wife are exiled from England, and are being visited by relatives anxious to lure them back there, much of the conversation naturally and validly consists of reminiscence about the place. So the subjective turns objective, self-indulgence becomes self-scrutiny: Mr Bennett confounds puritan cavils by himself fastening a black cape over his motley.

Alec Guinness plays the character most effectively scrutinised. His face long, melancholy and the colour of clay, he mooches like a thirsty camel through the part of one Hilary – or, as his long-suffering wife prefers to describe him, 'Hilary watching Hilary watching Hilary'. He is, she amiably suggests, all style and no content, a criticism he seems bent on confirming. 'In England we never entirely mean what we say,' goes one of his more characteristic lines, 'Do I mean that? Not entirely.' His tone is fastidious and mocking, his pose studiously flippant, his obliquity infinite, his capacity for relationships minimal, his human warmth nil, and his profession, not illogically, that of traitor: FO high-flyer turned KGB mole turned eminent defector. That Russia is now his home, and the play's rough-hewn, vaguely nordic set really the porch of a dacha, is the play's big secret, revealed after some half-hour's faintly puzzling chat. If you haven't yet picked this up from someone else's review, please don't be cross with me for clueing you in. If anything, your knowledge will give the inconsequential opening scene some point and edge. In any case, there are considerably more beguiling matters in train: Hilary's disconcertingly hidden personality; Mr Bennett's equivocal attitude thereto; discussion of treachery, of guilt, and even of E. M. Forster, who famously thought it more important to be loyal to your friends than to your country.

What the play lacks is dramatic verve and momentum, the sort of energy that could not countenance the snoozier exchanges about Belsize Park – 'It sounds like a country house', 'It probably was one'. What it offers is more important: intelligence, sensitivity, a sophisticated anxiety and foreboding. Apart from anything else, Mr Bennett has always written nice, neat, accurate titles, and this one, combining the ring of matey patriotism with the suggestion of national superannuation, is as apt as usual. The conversation is obsessive, embracing Elgar, Lyons Corner Houses, the C of E, *Toad of Toad Hall*, Desert Island Discs, Gamages, Pontings, *Times* obituaries, Pathe News, Tewkesbury, Malmesbury, and the modern W.I., supposedly supplying 'talks about abortion and new trends in foreplay' – a catalogue of memory, change and decay, adding up to an impressionistic and somewhat sentimental picture of England. But the sentimentality is the characters' at least as much as Mr Bennett's: it's they and their native quiddities which fill out the picture and justify the play's title. After all, what are we to think of an 'old country' apt to rely on snooty, unattached mandarins, like Hilary, or establishment bumblers, like his chummy, clubbish brother-in-law, played by John Phillips? What can its future be? Mr Bennett may not share the enthusiasm for cataclysm displayed by Hare, Brenton, Barker and some of his younger contemporaries; but his gentler, more donnish manner conceals scarcely less dissatisfaction with the England of the 1970s and as marked a mistrust of those supervising its decay.

Judging by his more pained reviewers, Trevor Nunn has transformed *As You Like It* into an amateurish imitation of *Kiss Me Kate*, perhaps called *Ravish Me Rosalind*: so let me reassure you that the pastiche Montiverdi is often charming, that most of the songs were supposed by Shakespeare to be songs, and that the only unwarrantable intrusion is the incanting of the celebrated lovers' lament in Act Five, Scene Two. Those in an objecting mood should busy themselves elsewhere: a gratuitous prologue, dug out of some dismal archive, glumly parading the same Hymen who later presides over all those accumulated weddings; a surprisingly peripheral Jaques, a forest bore uneasily tolerated by friends who, in turn, bore him; and perhaps the costumes and setting, updated to the dawn of the Sun King, an elaborate concatenation of silks, frills, and overblown prints of chateaux and formal gardens. But the more sympathetic may think this last justified by Mr Nunn's intention, which is to emphasise the artificiality, not only of the usurping Duke's conclave, but of the quasi-pastoral idyll indulged by his brother in Arden. Under a very pedantic Duke Senior's tutelage, the exiled nobles are always striking the sort of poses they've presumably seen illustrated in neo-classical translations of the *Georgics* – and trying not to freeze to death as they do so. It is a very corrupt court and a very cold forest: some more moderate way of life is required and, it seems at the end, found.

Peter McEnery makes a nimble, peppy Orlando, and Kate Nelligan does something to repay those who, like myself, have invested hopeful notices in her. Her Rosalind is raucously unromantic: strapping, callow and toothy, not the least ill-at-ease in her masculine mufti, artless to the brink of gormlessness, and unrestrained enough to give a frightful screech when she realises the man she fancies is lurking in the Arden shrub. It's a bold and not unattractive performance, though scarcely as accomplished as that offered down the road by Sheila Allen, a Queen Christina equally plausible whether she's thinking of herself as male, female, or some galumphingly ill-balanced blend of each.

Pam Gems, whose biography this is, has little time for Garboesque cooings and meltings; but I'm not sure her version will please the severer liberationists. She is, for instance, unimpressed by the 'bluestockings' of her period, women upon whom feminist theory has foisted a dry, passionless loathing of the men they are mindlessly mimicking. Her practical ideal is much more various and complete than that, as the development of her roistering heroine is designed to show. The first and more obviously successful half has Christina acquiring and renouncing the Swedish throne, a girl who has been 'imprinted', to use the biologists' jargon, until she's a competent man and king, capable of seducing girls and negotiating treaties. The second is superficially sloppy, leaving much of her subsequent career unexplained, but more interesting, since it shows her discovering needs and capacities she's long denied in herself and derided in others.

Television

Ian Hamilton

Shamanly

'Forgive me for being such a crashing bore last night/Forgive me for doing all that on the floor last night.' Terry Jones's lugubrious elegy for a loathed acquaintance was one of the more novel turns in Amnesty International's *Mermaid Frolics* (LWT); elsewhere the spirit of *Beyond the Fringe* prevailed, charming, dated and just a little arthritic. Certainly I could live out my time without seeing another sketch that got its laughs out of the nit-pickings of linguistic

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philosophers: 'This morning I went into a shop and a shop assistant was having an argument. The shop assistant said Yes. And the customer replied: "What do you mean, Yes?" To which the shop assistant replied: "I mean, Yes." Now here we have a *splendid* example of the way in which I as a philosopher could help them.' Well, yes – but the chuckles are nostalgic. One would like to see the Bennetts and Millers getting together to poke fun at shamans just a bit more up-to-date and livingly repugnant. I mean, for a start, there's . . .

Roger Graef's film was straightforwardly a record of the stage performance held in the Mermaid back in May this year, and there were none of the backstage collisions between fringes and pythons that enlivened Graef's last effort on behalf of Amnesty. Good stuff, though, here and there from Julie Covington and Pete Atkin, an in-form manic spiral from John Cleese and an effortlessly snobbish monologue from Peter Ustinov. The plan is, apparently, to stage these shows each year – worth doing, if only to remind us of the level of light entertainment that we are normally expected to tolerate.

Starsky and Hutch is now back in the pre-football slot on Saturdays on BBC-1, and it was good this week to see the chums frolicking on the greensward with a local boys' team. But wait, who is that on the side-lines, smiling fondly at Starsky and now and then getting a fond glance from him? Unless our eyes deceive us, it's a *girl*! Little wonder that poor Hutch is looking grumpy – if it wasn't that he knew the plot, he'd probably refuse to play. Even so it's a reel or so, and a handful of soppy embraces, before a vengeful hood guns down the chick in a delicatessen; the bullet lodges near her brain and, *Love Story* style, she is given only a few weeks to live. Starsky alternates between heartbreaking bedside solicitude ('Hey, don't *prar*mise – best friends don't have to prarmise') and teeth-gritting pursuit of the assassin. The death-bed scene is straight out of Erich Segal, but whereas Oliver has only Daddy to throw his arms around in his bereavement, Starsky withdraws from the dread scene with a quietly forward-looking edge to his despair – it's been hell, losing his girl, but in some way he oughtn't ever to have had one. Hutch will get through to him on this score, we are confident.

Patrick Mower has long been the sleek sidekick to pock-marked and world-weary bosses, the impetuous peacock sitting in the shadows of the battered crow. In *Target* (BBC-1), he has been promoted to main man, but – and this must be of interest to Ph.D. students of star quality – he doesn't carry sufficient weight to stop us wondering when his superiors are going to make their appearance and set the greenhorn on decently non-hopeful paths. Mower wears drill-jackets and hisses authoritatively through the cleft in his chin, but no one's fooled; once a no. 2, never a real No. 1. The tale itself was utterly routine, and most of the quotidian beat-work was done by our not-to-be-believed-in hero – sensing failure, the script-writers have made the supple stripling into a Chief-Superintendent, and we all know that *they* only walk the beat on telly shows that don't expect to be promoted.

Films

John Coleman

Song and Dance

New York, New York (A) *Odeon, Leicester Square*
A Tribute to Bessie Love *NFT, 17 and 18 September*
Exorcist II: The Heretic (X) *Warner West End; ABCs Shaftesbury Avenue, Edgware and Fulham Roads*

No one could accuse the director Martin Scorsese of lacking style. The trouble with his appealing, tiresome *New York, New York* is that it has not one but two. Kicking off amid milling, dancing crowds celebrating V-J Day, 1945, spectacularly recreated, it rapidly brings together its stars, Robert de Niro as a strutting, gum-chewing, Hawaiian-shirted ex-GI, Jimmy Doyle, determined not to take 'no' for an answer from Liza Minnelli's Francine Evans, a gooey-lipped, perkily uniformed ex-USO singer vainly trying to listen to the strains of Tommy Dorsey's big band at a victory ball. As this cocky Jimmy and slowly thawing Francine biff their first exchanges back and forth, you realise Scorsese is prepared to take his, and our, time. Their free-form banter, extraordinarily extended and yet very funny in its near-verismo way, is going to be a recurring element; it not merely keeps coming back like a song but does so in an almost literal sense, turning into a sort of highly modern recitative; and this modernity of expression, using overlapping dialogue, deliberate repetition, language as a fumbled form of gesture, is reflected in much of their physical playing. Much, but not all. Because Scorsese is also out to milk many of the conventions of the old-style Hollywood big-band musical to the last drop. So, early on, Francine breaks into spontaneous song-and-dance to help Jimmy out during a sticky audition as tenor sax: they might have worked together all their lives.

And there is the crucial matter of the sets. Some of the couple's biggest emotional scenes, and these range from hilarious to ugly, are enacted against studio trees in snow, on studio streets leading nowhere, before a studio train by a studio phone-booth. The movie's colour palette is something else again, consciously deploying a muted range of tans, ochres, yellows, golds as a further glamorising item. Of course, all this is *meant*. One argument in favour of what Scorsese is trying to do would be based on the crazy episode where Jimmy drags Francine off to spur-of-the-moment wedlock, knocking up a fuddled JP and his wife. In doing so, our impetuous hero shoves his hand through the JP's glass-fronted door and maybe this is Scorsese putting *his* fist through the old mould, saying – in effect – you just can't make them like that any more. Maybe, maybe not. It

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These comments, typical of the praise showered on Kyung-Wha Chung and Solti after their London performances earlier this year, could equally apply to this sensational recording, their first appearance together on record, and undoubtedly *the* concerto record of 1977.
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would be agreeable to spread such an ironic gloss over the whole affair, since the first half hour or so and several subsequent interludes and instants charm, dazzle, greatly entertain. If one can in addition ignore the basic irritation of Jimmy's being a 'top pain in the ass' (the accurate description delivered by Georgie Auld, who both dubbed in De Niro's saxophone playing and gives a lovely, sour performance as a band leader, Frankie Harte) and of Liza Minnelli doing at least one total take-off of mum in her slam-bang finale number, there are some likeable incidentals: the appearances of Lionel Stander, as a seen-it-all agent of verbal nicety, and of De Niro's real-life wife, the luscious Diahnne Abbott as a Harlem chanteuse; a tender, late spot when Jimmy meets the son he refused even to inspect at birth; a series of good one-liners. And they tell me the sound of the music, which spans around 10 years down to the erosion of the big bands, is authentic.

The incredible Bessie Love, who made her first film in 1916, is currently back in the picture (as if she had ever left) with the publication of her autobiography, *From Hollywood With Love* (Elm Tree, £5.95), a personal appearance at the NFT at 8.30 on Sunday, and the showing of two of her movies, *Dress Parade* (1927) and *The Broadway Melody*. The second of these, MGM's first sound film, made in 1929 and billed as 'the original backstage musical', might well have ended a genre before it began. Its only redeeming features, if I may be allowed to plagiarise myself, belong to Miss Love. She is Hank, the elder and brighter of a mediocre vaudeville act, the Mahoney Sisters. The other Mahoney, Queenie, lumbered and simpered through by Anita Page, who looks like a giantess beside the diminutive Bessie, falls for an egregiously ghastly hoofer, Eddie (Charles King, who should be nameless but is intended to be attractive in the plot), Hank's fiancé. Eddie falls for Queenie. In the ensuing moral confusion, Queenie nearly allows herself to become the mistress of a wealthy backer, spelt Jacques but pronounced Jock. Sample lines: 'You sure are regular, Hank,' spoken by Eddie, congested with emotion – 'Gold garters! oh, Eddie, I always knew you'd make it!', trilled by Hank with commendable conviction. The production numbers are strictly for historians and collectors of camp, or both where they are the same. Miss Love's charmingly dry and relaxed memoirs recall the publicists' blurbs for *The Broadway Melody*: 'Chorus girls in costumes an ant could drag uphill!', as well as the nightmare difficulties of early sound recording. As Gertrude Stein would have said, Miss Love's is a very nice story.

John Boorman's *Exorcist II: The Heretic* has apparently been plagued with more than the locust-pocus that supplies a sizeable portion of its special effects. According to the September issue of *Film*, US audiences were low enough to laugh and Warners asked for re-cutting and a new prologue and ending. To be honest with you, it still has its risible moments. This time about, young Regan (a chubbier Linda Blair) is discovered under treatment by psychiatrist Dr Tuskin (Louise Fletcher) in a glass-panelled clinic of modular design calculated to send even the sanest, one would have thought, irretrievably round the twist. Anyway, brisk Dr Tuskin is using what seems a highly dangerous machine called a synchroniser, whereby patient and doctor – with metal bands over their temples and strobe lights flashing on and off into their eyes – go into a mutual, thought-swapping trance. Richard Burton here pops up as Father Lamont, bent on disinterring exactly what happened to the chief exorcist, poor Father Merrin (Max von Sydow) in the first film. Soon we are up to here in flights of fancy, some of them visually very impressive and taking us swooping over Africa, clambering up to the fantastic rock-churches of Ethiopia. The climax, when Father Burton returns from a weird safari full of some mumbo-jumbo about 'the good locust', sees almost everyone revisiting Regan's old home. The fall of the House of Usher isn't in it as masonry and beds and bodies go flying. There is a tricky bit concerning a supposedly unsuspected wicked agent, but this is signalled a mile off. I have, probably unwisely, been reading some of the production notes on this enterprise and realise that it is much more serious than my account may have suggested. The Jesuit paleontologist, Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, is cited as a source for Regan's newly developed gifts. This just goes to show, as many of us have long feared, that not everything in De Chardin is lovely.

Opera

Eric Sams

Rumptittum

La Vie Parisienne *Coliseum; further performance 22 September*
La Bohême *Coliseum; further performances 20, 24, 27, 30 September, 5, 8, 18, 20, 22, 25, 28 October, and 1, 4 November*

The more life changes, the more it's the same shows. Present London seems to be twinned with past Paris; the well-worn opera plots still sound so very topical, not to say typical. They may explore different social strata, but it's basically the same old bed-rock. Offenbach writes the sonorous counterpart of the racy story; his real masterpiece would have been the Contes Drolatiques d'Hoffman. *La Vie Parisienne* begins with the tourist trade. Rich foreign visitors flock to be fleeced by the French, then apparently a nation of sheep-croppers. The new arrivals are scandalised and then seduced into losing (or just giving away) their virtue along with their money. In the opening scene, a canny – and dour-looking – Scot seems to present a serious challenge. But Paris can soon translate Gaelic into Gallic, with a dash of garlic, and even transpose the Eriskay love-lilt into a risqué love-lilt. The secret lies in the change of accent. The use of rhythm puts music on to a physical plane and gets it off the ground. Thus the Offenbach waltz is lighter than Strauss; for oom-pa-pa beat oo-la-la. But like the can-can, all rumptittum, it is seldom properly conducted.

So how can an English company best convey the essence of Paris? Not, surely, by an orchestra that at first sounded so thin and under-rehearsed as to suggest a Chamber of Deputies. But later the music, under the direction of Clive Timms, came liltingly and laughingly alive – usually when the delectable Gabrielle of Sandra Dugdale was on stage. She and Terry Jenkins (Raoul) had a real feeling for the pulse of the score and its amorous fluctuations. In general, all the principals were admirably effective; but some of the roles and scenes, though sumptuously costumed and produced, suffered from occasional inhibitions which perhaps owed a little to the English text as well as the British temperament. Geoffrey Dunn's refined translation is excellent in its well-bred way; but I felt that it quite often missed or softened the original sharpness of social satire on the malaises induced by prosperity, the low side of high life.

Puccini depicts the maladies induced by idealistic poverty, the high side of low life: and his perspectives are far broader and deeper. With the model of Verdi's *Falstaff* before him, he could easily outweigh Offenbach in the rhythmically based music of comic physicality, as in the scenes of Bohemian revel. But his real power consists in melodic lines, either tied to the words or else released as a flight of song, and always sustained by sensitive scoring. Thus he can recreate the realities of the everyday physical world and use them as images of emotive life for all to recognise and share; hence his enduring popularity. In *La Bohême* the instruments register degrees and kinds of light or heat; flickering flames, a tender touch, a hectic flush, the numbness of frost-bite, rejection, death. As in many a Britten score, solo passages of reduced forces speak of isolation or vulnerability, the frail frame and the hurt heart. The orchestra under Charles Mackerras was powerfully eloquent and convincing while Jean-Paul Auvray's lighting and production were also most thoughtfully attuned to the music and the action.

Lorna Haywood as the singer Musette was fittingly flamboyant and expansive; David Rendall as the poet Rudolph was lyric in voice and yielding in demeanour. Valerie Masterson as the phthisical midinette Mimi had a touch of star quality; she sparkled yet remained wistfully remote in her pathetic transit from the half-world to the next world. The whole cast and presentation offered some memorable and moving moments. But my earlier cavils have now escalated to caveats. As so often, the opera began scrappily. The excitements and tensions of imminent curtain rise, and anticipated curtain-calls, can make even the greatest artists forget the need for acting and articulation. Restraint is called for; we can't have a Coliseum where the lions throw themselves at the people. Secondly, I found that hearing the words could be even more distracting than not doing so. The English text is in my view outmoded in idiom and dubious in accentuation. It seems to have been produced by the combined talents of various hands, some of which were both tiny and frozen.

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Rock Music

Mark Kidel

Fool's Gold

There is nothing quite like a dead superstar and the consequent flowering of necrophiliac idolatry to get the cash registers going. A month after his fatal heart attack, Elvis Presley (or rather, his posthumous vinyl incarnation) has predictably taken a giant pogo-leap to the summit of the sales charts, with no less than ten of his rather mediocre albums in the top-twenty list. As rock history has plainly demonstrated, there usually comes a time when an act is worth more dead than alive: someone out there in the USA must be gleefully raking in the dollars, dreaming of ways to make this particular bout of death-worship last. It would be surprising if there were not the odd manager or record company who had not thought of staging a magnificently choreographed death – a clean, flashy mid-concert electrocution, perhaps, filmed from every angle and layed down on 32 tape tracks for profit and posterity.

The 'new wave' which has now grown to tidal proportions, has not reached the point where it might need death to keep it alive and attractive to investors. There is not an ulcerating record executive in the business likely to risk the new Beatles or Rolling Stones slipping through his fingers, however much they would all prefer the safe sanity of bands like Pilot, Abba or the Bay City Rollers. All the major companies have now feverishly fought over the large supply of punk pickings. Most of the rock hacks have clambered on to the bandwagon too, anxious not to appear middle-aged and 'old wave', and above all, eager to please their circulation-conscious bosses.

This is a great time for aspiring bands, so long as they unequivocally conform to the prevailing fashion. But as in earlier rock booms far too many second-rate groups are getting recording contracts and heavy promotion: there is now a recognisable formula for acceptance, which has nothing to do with musical originality or excellence but is built on an image borrowed from the true innovators, the first successful generation of punk bands, the Sex Pistols, the Clash and the Damned.

The most interesting new bands around, however, do not easily fit into the current critical and commercial pigeon-holes, although they may share some of the characteristics of the new wave. The Motors, formed out of the remnants of the pub-rock group Ducks Deluxe, play loud and fast with the same deluge of energy as the mainstream delinquents of late Seventies rock, but instead of the standardised one- or two-note rant, the four Motors can sing and harmonise; they also have a well-developed sense of musical drama, in marked contrast to the one-dimensional staccato nightmares of punk. *Dancing The Night Away*, their current single, and the opening track on their first album released last week ('The Motors I' Virgin V2089), starts with a gentle, almost lyrical guitar line. It is suddenly joined by a succession of crashing chords – shades of the vintage Who – that eventually build up in frequency and intensity. After a short sharp break, the rhythm guitar launches into the clipped beat of the song, a throbbing pulse, pumping away with the frantic energy of a heart full of benzedrine. By the time the bass and drums have joined in, followed closely by the lead guitar and vocals, the band is on full power, driving from one climax to the next, demonstrating a sense of pace and structure that very few of the other new-wave bands have mastered. *Dancing The Night Away* is an enormously enjoyable track, one of those exhilarating rock classics that leave an instant but lasting imprint on the mind. It is so good that nothing else on the album quite lives up to it: like so many other high-energy bands, the Motors do not know when to stop, and apart from some excellent moments, as in *Cold Love*, a jumping mix of reggae and boogaloo, there is a disappointing sameness.

There is a good deal more variety on another 'fringe' new wave offering, 'Submarine Tracks and Fool's Gold – Chiswick Chartbusters' (Chiswick CH2), the compilation of singles from the independent record label which along with Stiff has done most to promote original new talent in the last few months. There is no homogenised conveyor-belt punk product here, only a refreshing panorama of possibilities for the future of rock'n'roll, from Radio Stars' decidedly warped but brilliant pop ditty *Dirty Pictures* to the early Sixties innocence o fthe Gorillas and Little Bob Story.

This is the magic that the best new bands are trying so hard to create, but it is a spontaneity which does not co-exist very easily with the rules of the rockbiz machine and the needs of the merchandisers, producers and quality-control men. Success, technical perfection and instrumental virtuosity breed a self-confidence which pulls rock musicians away from the exciting knife-edge of their beginnings. We may be very fortunate that the Chart-busters have only as yet produced fool's gold.

Grey Gowrie

Robert Lowell, 1917-1977

Robert Lowell died on 12 September, right at the end of a journey between his home in Ireland and his home in New York. The death shocked his friends and readers but not, one may guess, himself. He was 60, the age both his parents also died of heart attacks, and he had always doubted that he would, in this sense, survive them. No other 20th-century poet has integrated us so fully with the people he knew. Father and Mother, as they appear in the poems, join friends and lovers, writers and historical figures, his children, wife and ex-wives in the long drama of self-depiction, the life studies. A measure of his achievement is that all these people step out of the poems into the reality we associate with great novels and seem no less clear than the figure of the 'confessional' poet himself. How you win and lose love, how it both defines and boxes you in, what it has to do with language and so with history: such is Lowell's theme. It is unbearable therefore that this story and these characters are finished.

Inevitably, there is a lot about death in Lowell's poems. He talks of 'the unshakeable terror that made me write . . .' Dying is what we increasingly consult poets about: they seem participants in a way denied to priests and their legendary, specialised authority. Yet Lowell, making it to 60, was a survivor. Whatever shakedown of reputations occurs, Lowell had the greatest output, the widest range of his significant American contemporaries. Berryman, Roethke, Schwartz, Jarrell, Hart Crane earlier, and Sylvia Plath later: all killed themselves or died in as like manner as makes no difference. No less transfixed by 'the loved, the lover and their fear of life', Lowell was the long-distance runner.

If he held on to his private-school, Kiplingesque ground rules, ironically they nonetheless always made sense to him, a trait he shares with Auden. 'I used to want to live to avoid your elegy,' he said in his elegy to John Berryman. He also had the bounty shown in his love poems: physical compensation for the appalling neural chemistry, the mania which could turn so much sensitivity and grace into the rant of boor and bore. Lots of poets can render sexual love – another speciality of their field – but Lowell is the master of sexual fulfilment, versed in 'the body's thousand rivulets of welcome'. Sexuality was a passport to the animal kingdom and away from man, 'the one pornographer among the animals'. No poet of the century, not Lawrence or Marianne Moore, has made greater use of animal images. Towards the end of his career these images coalesce into the triumphant and liberating metaphor held in the title of his book *The Dolphin*. This being is Lowell's alternative to the determined, deranged salmon of his poems in *Near the Ocean*: 'nosing up to the impossible/stone and bone-crushing waterfall' and only 'alive enough to spawn and die'. Physically graceful, intelligent like man but free of his temperament and element, doomed like him and by him, the dolphin is a slippery ride but the only one worth taking. An inlay of images forming a great central image or metaphor is what you find in old master poets like Aeschylus, Dante and Shakespeare. Lowell is a lesser poet but his attempt bears the comparison.

Patrick Cosgrave has written a book on Lowell's public poetry and there is an affectionate, if somehow envious, portrait of him amid the flawed little revolution of 1968 in Norman Mailer's *The Armies of the Night*. Lowell's pacifism added to the ten-

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sion of this background: Boston's noblesse-oblige patriotism, self-importance and insecurity. From the 'tranquillised *Fifties*' he recalled wartime when

> I was a fire-breathing Catholic C.O.,
> and made my manic statement,
> telling off the state and president, and then
> sat wating sentence in the bull pen
> beside a Negro boy with curlicues
> of marijuana in his hair.

Characteristically, this poem of conscientious objection (he refused the draft after Dresden and the civilian bombing of Germany) ends in awed concentration on a professional murder in the same jail: a rebuke to amateur criminals like the objectors and a notable first instance of Lowell's apologetic but stubborn fascination with power. It is really *artistic* power that he discerns in men like Napoleon, Churchill and even Hitler; and he is alive to the pornographic excitement which power holds, not only for liberals such as Robert Kennedy, Eugene McCarthy or himself, but for a young radical like Tom Hayden with his 'Machiavellian Utopia of pure nerve'. Thus Lowell coupled the accuracy of these intuitions with the instinctive knowledge of his mania. Ill, he would drop the Bible, Dante and Shakespeare of his staple reading for Hitler's table talk and early successful campaigns. If 'Easter 1916' remains the most successful poetic elision, in our century, between common or private life and the press of self-consciously historical events, Lowell's title-poem in *For the Union Dead* and his 'Waking Early Sunday Morning' in *Near the Ocean* run Yeats pretty close. Lowell, chancing both absurdity and his own stability, acted out in his psyche and his poems most of the large historical tensions of his age. He is a document as well as an interpreter. But he had the eye for history, for the sudden flash of person, place or event in all its determinist welter, to make his time come alive.

At the risk of climbing on fame's bandwagon, a few impressions and memories. Lowell teaching the Bible, Shakespeare, contemporary poetry, student poetry, his own poetry – each read out loud in interrupted chunks so that only the best stuff could survive the intrusion of second thoughts about everything. In restaurants warding off ideas with his hands, in Jonathan Miller's good description. Lowell's Siamese-cat smile and treacherous comments on friends elevated into paeans by their being the same friends, all through life, thought about day by day. His nearly absolute reverence for Allen Tate and Larkin and Elizabeth Bishop. His Edwardian-housemaid handwriting. The non-genius, the bad writing even in the first drafts of some of his most inspired poems. Snatch of a letter written early in 1968: 'Lizzie regards McCarthy as a great American and candidate but an unreliable and unserious companion for me, another Frank Parker.' Lowell writing lying on beds on his stomach in New York, Cambridge, Maine, Kent, Kildare. The glint in the eye at the thought of outwitting a psychiatrist, usually known by the generic name, after one of his best known poems, of 'Dr Skunkuhr'. The relief one felt for the first two hours after leaving his company and the subsequent desire, now almost impossible to cope with, immediately to re-enter it.

What will happen to Lowell now? The gigantic literary combine-harvester or reputation-threshing machine will trundle out all over the world; a growth industry for a few decades at least. For my part, his books share a shelf with Matthew Arnold and Tennyson, Meredith and Hardy – I mean that I think of him as a master rather than a modern. Probably this is wrong. I once asked him who were his favourite modern poets. He replied, Pound and Hardy; in that order and almost without thinking. They seemed to him to share the quality of 'heartbreak' that he looked for and experienced. I also asked him what praise had pleased him most. He said when Eliot told him some translations of Baudelaire were first-rate. That would seem to do.

Lowell's life and work were a kind of training (even temporary conversions die hard) for what happened last Monday and for what is going to happen. He followed Henry James's advice and was one on whom nothing was lost. The gift of this life is rather greater than the fact of good poetry and a successful literary career – maybe because all his personal and historical pessimism was a frame for an exemplary joyfulness and grace.

> The line must terminate.
> Yet my heart rises, I know I've gladdened
> a lifetime
> knotting, undoing a fishnet of tarred rope;
> the net will hang on the wall when the
> fish are eaten,
> nailed like illegible bronze on the
> futureless future.

Weekend Competition

No 2481 Set by Maud Gracechurch

We get the odd tantalising glimpse, true, of what life is like in the Comp Complex. But why not try to give a more rounded view, as it might be depicted by Hemingway, Nabakov, Mailer, or any other 20th-century novelist (or poet, come to that)? About 200 words or 14 lines by 30 September.

Result of No 2478 Set by John Stanley

> Go tell our master,
> All you passers-by,
> That here, obedient to his laws,
> We lie.

Thus an epitaph for journalists. We wanted similar efforts for the other professions.

Report by Johnny Option

Apart from the routine bogey-men like tax-inspectors and dentists, it seems that the people you really *hate* are architects and town-planners. Well, we might devise a special comp on these scum, so you can really roll your sleeves up. As it was, the entry was remarkable for bulk rather than brilliance. Too many of you relied on a puny pun – expired, corrupt, plot, sod – as your morbid clincher. Still, the winners make tolerably congenial reading (thank you, O Fagg, for these pearls). I hope you won't consider it a, er, RIP-off if I limit you to £2 per shot? Cheers!

A Modern Theologian
In learned language he opined
That Christ was just a bloke;
God grinned, while promptly adding him
To Hell's supply of coke.

A Reviewer
In death she pays the penalty
For reams of gush and gabble;
Condemned to read, through endless time,
The *oeuvre* of Margaret Drabble.

A Schoolmaster
Dead and burnt and scattered now,
No wisp of him survives,
Save half-remembered thoughts and whims
Built into others' lives

A Police Officer
This little pig worked in Soho;
This little pig took his cut;
This little pig was grassed on;
This little pig's gone phut.
MARTIN FAGG

A Politician
I never retired; I died in
My boots;
Even now I'm consulting the
Grass roots. T. CHEVALLIER

A Composer
I've lived a life of flats and sharps,
Adapting and transposing;
Don't think I'm working now on harps,
I'm simply *de*composing.

A Popular Novelist
Grieve not, dear reader, though
This be my final plot,
For I am still below
Producing further rot.
JOYCE JOHNSON

Dons
Death caught us unawares
(We *must* do something about those stairs).
V. F. CORLEONE

A Civil Servant
I was a senior Civil Servant;
I treated my minister as God.
I would always lie for my master –
And still I lie under the sod.
JAMES DOWELL

The Canned-Music Man
We were the Muzak-makers,
Yet sublimate your cheers,
Remembering we'll ever hear
The Muzak of the Spheres.
PAT BLACKFORD

A Conductor
He lived *allegro con amore* –
Vivace and *sforzando;*
But now the marking on his score
Reads *sempre ritardando.*
KIT CARPENTER

A Gay-Lib Journalist
Once I wrote
In praise
Of gays,
But now this faggot's
Full of maggots.
DAVID WILLIAMS

A Builder
My estimate was such & such:
This stone alone cost twice as much
FOXIE

A Sociologist
Here I lie
In a death situation
The only variable –
My hope of salvation.
ALAN WHITEHEAD

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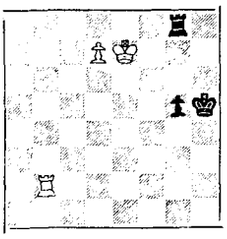
Tony Miles

Chess

No 51 **July Problems**

The July problems were a more than usually interesting collection. Two, numbers 41 and 43, were easy enough, but not the rest.

Problem 40 was the most tricky. I asked for analysis of four moves: (a) P-Q8=Q (b) R-QB2 (c) R-Q2 and (d) R-KB2. It is a simple task to establish that (a) only draws. As one entrant commented, if (a) won then the position would not be set as a problem, eg. 1. P-Q8=Q, R x Q; 2. K x R, P-N5; 3. K-K7, P-N6; 4. K-B6, K-N5; 5. K-K5, K-B6; 6. R-N3ch, K-B7; 7. K-B4, P-N7; 8. R-N2ch, K-B8; 9. K-B3, P-N8=Nch and white cannot win. It is important to realise that this position is drawn since it can occur in most lines.



The next straightforward line is (d) 1. R-KB2! The advantage of this move is that when white wins the rook he will control the crucial KB file enabling him to approach with his king. Thus 1. R-KB2! P-N5 (1 . . .R-QR1 is also insufficient. 2. R-B8, R-R2; 3. K-Q6 etc); 2. R-B8. R-N2ch; 3. K-K6 (I confess that when setting the problem I overlooked the trick 3. K-B6! winning instantly – R x P; 4. R-R8ch mating. Luckily for me, it does not alter the result). R x P; 4. K x R, K-R5; 5. K-K6, P-N6; 6. R-KN8, K-R6; 7. K-B5, P-N7; 8. K-B4, K-R7; 9. R-R8ch, K-N8; 10. K-N3, K-B8; 11. R-B8ch, K-N8. 12. R-QR8. K-R8; 13. R-R8ch, K-N8; 14. R-R2 wins. Naturally black can force this line by 1 . . .K-R5 and 4 . . .P-N5.

The real test was to prove the result of (b) and (c). In fact the position is taken from another of my recent games, Miles-Bellon Las Palmas 77, in which I played the wrong move, (c). 1. R-Q2. I analysed (i) 1. . . .P-N5; 2. P-Q8=Q, R x Q; 3. R x R, P-N6; 4. R-KN8! K-R5; 5. K-B6, K-R6; 6. K-B5 winning as in the 1. R-KB2 line, and (ii) (which occurred in the game) 1. . . .K-N5; 2. P-Q8=Q, R x Q; 3. R x R, K-B6; 4. R-B8ch! K-K6! 5. R-KN8! K-B5; 6. K-B6, P-N5; 7. K-N6! Resigns as the white king runs down the KR file. What I did not realise until afterwards was that black could draw with 1. . . .P-N5; 2. P-Q8=Q, R x Q; 3. R x R, K-N4! 4. K-K6, K-B5! etc.

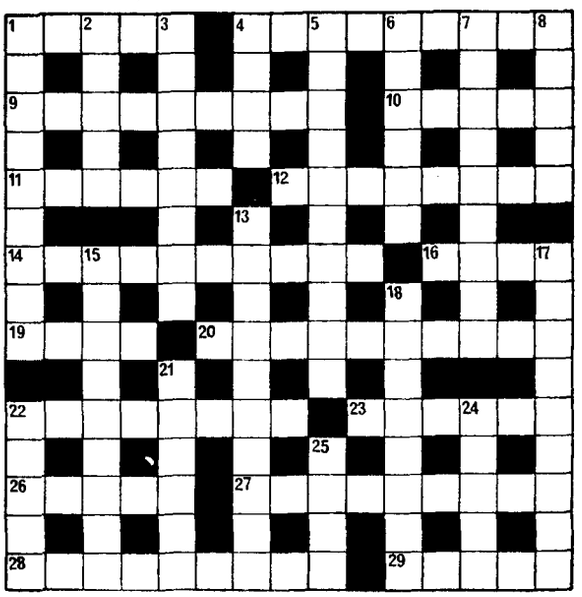
So much for (c), and (b) is also insufficient: 1. R-QB2, K-N5! (but not 1. . . .P-N5? 2. R-B8, R-N2ch; 3. K-B6! winning) 2. R-B8, R-N2ch; 3. K-K6. R x P; 4. K x R, K-B6 and white's king is a crucial square further away than in the game so black draws!

Whilst many solvers correctly state that 1. R-KB2 was the only move to win, none gave all four lines correctly. My congratulations to the first prizewinner Mr N. MacLean and the runners-up, Messrs Brown, Taylor and Kyprianon with a consolation prize to Mr Sobey.

The solution to Problem 49 is held over.

Weekend Crossword 1233

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1233, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 27 September.



ACROSS

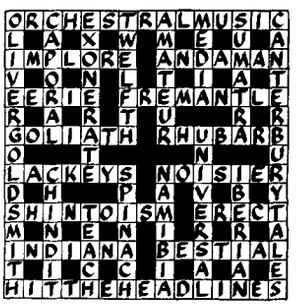
1. In France it sounds like a part of the body (5).
4. Stars in romantic island rubbish (9).
9. God comes back after sinner embraces the church (9).
10. Softly as a man enters a river (5).
11. Walk in company with the best riders (6).
12. In communications the officers grow old (8).
14. Game which makes one who is dumb go silent (5, 5).
16. Fast bowler begins by showing hostility (4).
19. Something to wear may be seen in the window (4).
20. Pace counters (10).
22. The uniform charge gives the librarian a sort of treat (4, 4).
23. In parts needing an entry to make an aircraft (6).
26. Where they have a tune in the middle of dinner (5).
27. Part of London in which I throw my weight about (9).
28. Port for which vessels turn back with rage (9).
29. Thus the cover is firm (5).

DOWN

1. Support teams although they are not at the top? (9).
2. Take part in a race on even terms (5).
3. Times which hold us steady (8).
4. Port is what is put in the bottle (4).
5. Curiously normal step for a prime minister (10).
6. Tax an MP is to change (6).
7. Poem about mountains and a drink (9).
8. Retreats where agreements are not reached? (5).
13. It is useful for tying up small capital (10).
15. An aimless arrangement for a Roman lady (9).
17. Distinguished, although acted without screen potential (9).
18. Directions taken in airline circles (8).
21. Woman who wants finish in a garment (6).
22. Teeth which have a name among cigarettes (5).
24. On a flower it is softly and tardily rising (5).
25. Blame for a lack of distinction (4).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1231



Prizewinners to No 1231

Mrs B. Cutt (Warley)
Hans Melchers (Frankfurt)
A. L. Dennis (Truro)

NS crossword spellings are in accordance with **Chambers Twentieth Century Dictionary.** Revised edition with new supplement now available at £5.95.

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the performers trade union

Requires the following Staff:

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The successful applicant will be responsible for the day-to-day control of Equity's work in variety, clubs and circuses. This will involve the direction of a number of Specialist Organisers, negotiations with employers and a wide range of representational work for the union. Experience as a similar trade union official or as an active trade unionist in entertainment will be an advantage.

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To deal with a very large number of individual legal claims made on behalf of members; to represent members before joint industrial and other tribunals; to advise members and the union on National Insurance, Social Security and Income Tax and to generally advise the Council of Equity on legal and legislative matters. Legal qualifications as a solicitor or barrister are obviously desirable as is an understanding of and sympathy with trade unions.

Legal Assistant
To work with and assist the Legal Officer. Would probably suit someone aiming ultimately to obtain legal qualifications or alternatively an experienced legal clerical worker anxious for a change and willing to become part of an effective trade union legal team.

Press, Publications and Information Officer
To be responsible for day-to-day dealings with the Press, producing all the unions published material including, the 'Equity Journal' and a monthly page in the 'Stage' newscript and to supply the staff and committees of Equity with regular digests of information necessary to their work. Preference will be given to applicants with journalistic experience and particularly to those who have previously worked in a similar capacity with other trade unions.

All these officials will work from our London Office and will be paid salaries commensurate with their qualifications and experience.

APPLICATIONS FORMS — can be obtained by writing to **Peter Plouviez, the General Secretary, British Equity, 8 Harley Street, London W1N 2AB.**

ASSOCIATION OF PROFESSIONAL SCIENTISTS AND TECHNOLOGISTS

Appointment of

ADMINISTRATIVE SECRETARY

The Association wish to appoint an Assistant Secretary who shall be responsible to the Executive Secretary for the general administration of the Association. His duties will include responsibility for the maintenance of membership records and preparation of financial statements from computer data. He will be responsible for all purchases, control of expenditure and provision of services.

Candidates should have previous experience which will have provided a good general knowledge of financial control involving the use of computerised information.

Applicants should send a brief statement of their previous experience together with a request for full details of this Manchester based appointment and for an application form to the **Association of Professional Scientists and Technologists, North Region Office, 175 Station Road, Swinton, Manchester M27 2BU.**

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Application forms to be returned by 3 October 1977 and further information available from **Miss J. Gibbs, Personnel Department, The Council House, College Green, Bristol BS1 5TN. Telephone (0272) 26031 extension 247.**

INSTITUTE OF PROFESSIONAL CIVIL SERVANTS

GENERAL SECRETARY

The Institute of Professional Civil Servants is a Trade Union representing Professional and Technical Civil Servants.

It now wishes to appoint a top class person to be its General Secretary.

The General Secretary is the principal negotiator and spokesman for the Organisation and leads an existing team of negotiators and supporting office staff.

It is expected that the person appointed will have proven experience of staff relations at a senior level.

The salary will be negotiable, commensurate with experience and ability, and will be not less than £7,500 per annum.

Application forms may be had from:

The Chairman,
I.P.C.S.,
18, Fitzwilliam Square,
DUBLIN 2.

All applications will be treated as CONFIDENTIAL.

COMMUNITY SERVICE VOLUNTEERS
The National Volunteer Agency

Borstals Programme Volunteer Director

Since 1971, over 500 Borstal trainees have worked as full-time volunteers through Community Service Volunteers, in projects ranging from residential nurseries to night shelters throughout the British Isles. The Programme is funded by the Home Office.

The work involves:

a) Recruitment, interviewing, placement and support of 50 trainees per annum;
b) Developing project placements in both statutory and voluntary agencies;
c) Close liaison with Borstal staff at all levels and with the Prison Department.

A worker is needed who can offer resourcefulness, creativity and administrative skills. Experience with adolescents or in the Social Services would be useful. Some travel is involved. There is a second worker in post and a team of ten is responsible for disadvantaged volunteers. The post is responsible to the Co-ordinator of Special Programmes, Andrea Kelmanson.

Salary — NJC AP Scale (£3,087 - £4,659).

Further details and application form from **Kate Meaden, CSV, Pentonville Road, London N1 9NJ (01-278 6601).**

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The full-time staff group will be provided with considerable latitude to work and implement a reality-based, non-psychiatric programme, for 14 residents aged 17-40. It is intended that this will provide a challenging opportunity for the implementing of new ideas in this field.

Staff will be selected on the basis of relevant experience and/or training. The posts to be filled are those of Warden (salary negotiable to £3,700) and three staff members (salary negotiable to £2,700). Additional supplements are available for specific qualifications. All posts are non-residential, but accommodation is available in the house, if required.

For inquiries and requests for application forms, phone Kate Wilson — 01-603 6373/4/5.

(Re-advertisement — previous applicants need not re-apply)

ASSOCIATION OF PROFESSIONAL SCIENTISTS AND TECHNOLOGISTS
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APST will be making further appointments of National Officials as a consequence of their increasing membership.

Initial requirements are a good knowledge of industrial organisations and ability to communicate effectively both verbally and in writing.

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DISABLEMENT INCOME GROUP
SECRETARY

required for the General Secretary of DIG (a national parliamentary pressure group with over 70 branches and 15,000 members) and the DIG Charitable Trust (which undertakes research, education into financial problems incurred by disability and operates an Advisory Service).

Applicants should have good secretarial experience with accurate shorthand/typing and good speeds; ability to work on own initiative and undertake routine *correspondence; experience of* servicing and minuting Committees (meetings sometimes held in evenings). Small but friendly staff working under considerable pressure so energy and enthusiasm essential. Four weeks holiday; subsidised lunches; pension scheme. Salary not less than £2,500 depending on age and experience.

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Salary in the range of £3,000-£3,500

A vacancy exists in a Church sponsored Community Project for a qualified or experienced Youth Worker. The Project is about to acquire its own premises for use as a Community Resources Centre. The job entails making contact with kids not necessarily catered for by existing church youth organisations. The person appointed will be expected to organise clubs (with assistance from voluntary helpers) to make use of detached youth work methods and to develop work with individuals where appropriate. A full job description is available on request along with application forms from CALTON YOUTH MINISTRY, 38 Albion Road, Edinburgh EH7 5QU. Closing date 1 October 1977.

FOURTH LAWYER

required for

Camden Community Law Centre

The Centre was set up five years ago in Kentish Town and employs four lawyers and ten other staff. The work of the Centre is mainly in the housing, landlord/tenant fields, Juvenile Court work, Social Security claims and employment matters.

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Salary on NALGO related scale.

Send typewritten curriculum vitae to: **The Secretary, Camden Community Law Centre, 146 Kentish Town Road, London NW1.**

Closing date 8 October 1977.

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EDUCATION COMMITTEE

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2. PART TIME CHILDREN'S SUPERVISOR, (PROPORTION OF RCCO1)

This vacancy is for 20 hours per week.

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Vol. 94 No. 2426

Contents

354 **James Fenton:** *Hullo to the Labour Party*

355 **Naomi Shepherd:** Israel's Ill-Fated Gamble

357 **Alexander Cockburn:** The 'Son of Sam' Election

358 **Peter Wilby:** Education and Equality

362 **Maurice Yaffé:** Paedophilia: The Forbidden Subject

363 **Profile of Kerry Packer**

364 **Roger Woddis:** Crumbs of Comfort

365 **Christopher Hitchens:** Salisbury Diary

366 **J. C. Wilsher:** Distressed Gentlefolk's Dole

367 **Arthur Marshall:** Je Pense Donc Je Suis

368 **Letters to the Editor**

Books & Arts

370 **Clive James:** Richard *Ingrams*

371 **V. S. Pritchett:** Kentish Town

Other reviews by Edward Mendelson, Richard Boston, Bruce Page, Frank Tuohy, Nigel Williams

376 **Benedict Nightingale:** Theatre

376 **Ian Hamilton:** Television

377 **John Coleman:** Films

378 **Eric Sams:** Opera

379 **Mark Kidel:** Rock Music

379 **Grey Gowrie:** Robert Lowell

380 **Weekend Competition**

381 **Chess and Crossword**

Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE (Royal Shakespeare Company) 836 6404. Recorded booking Community', 'The Comedy of Errors', info: 836 5332 Ibsen's 'Pillars of The 'Romeo and Juliet', 'Troilus and Cressida' in repertoire. See daily press for dates and times. RSC also at The Warehouse at Donmar Theatre. Week of 18 Sept: C. P. Taylor's 'Bandits', Howard Barker's 'That Good Between Us' (both not suitable for children). Brecht's 'Schweyk', 'Macbeth'. And at Piccadilly Theatre in 'Wild Oats' and Savoy Theatre in 'Man and Superman'.

CHICHESTER. 02343 86333. Last perf. Fri. 16 Sept. a 7 'Julius Caesar'. Last two perfs Sat. 17 September at 2 p.m. & 7 p.m. 'The Apple Cart'.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. Mark Long's 'Pictorial Smash'. Mon.-Sat. 8 p.m. Till 24 Sept. only.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. 'The Plough & The Stars', 'Volpone', 'State of Revolution', 'Happy Days', 'Kemp's Jig', 'Sir is Winning' & 'Judgement'. See daily press for dates & times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

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Meetings

'GOVERNING LONDON': Day School (Richard Balfe, Oliver Stutchbury, Nick Falk, David Jockelson, Nick Sharman) 10 a.m. Sat. 24 Sept., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Central London Fabian Society. Adm. £1. Ings 864 0672.

YOUNG MAPAM invites you to a Forum on 'Prospects for Peace in the Middle East' with reps. from Young Herut & Young *Poale Zion. Sun. 18 Sept. 8 p.m. 37 Broad*hurst Gardens, NW6.

'HOW I WRITE' by Gillian Tyndall. London Young Humanists, 13 Prince of Wales Terr., W8. Sun 18 Sept. 7.30 p.m. Admission 30p.

GEORGE FERNANDES Indian Minister for Industry and Trade Union leader, will address a public meeting of Indian Socialists & Trade Unionists at Mahatma Gandhi Hall (YMCA) Fitzroy Sq. 18 Sept. 6 p.m. For details I.D.G. 640 2367.

AESTHETICS & PHENOMENOLOGY Societies National Conference 23-25 Sept. Canterbury Hall, Cartwright Gdns, WC1. Res. £15 non res. £3. Details: B. Hoogewerf, 14 Manston Road, NW2.

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE, 23 Norfolk Sq., W1 Sun. 18 Sept. Swami Bhavyananda on 'Krishna' 5 p.m. All welc.

ENGLAND NATIONAL POET CONTEST 1977. Trafalgar Sq., Sun. 9 October at 11 a.m. The English Eisteddfod. Entries to Frank Hansford-Miller, tel. 01-852 0627.

THE NEW COMMUNIST PARTY — First Central London Public Meeting. 'Fight the Crisis'. Thurs. 22 Sept. 8 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Admission 10p.

ARGENTINA! Gonzalo Chaves of the Peronist Montonero Movement, will address a public meeting in Transport House, Smith Square, SW1 at 6 p.m. Mon. 19 Sept. Speakers include Alex Kitson (TGWU). In the chair, Mike Marsland (ABS), Mike Gatehouse (CSC). The subject: 'Trade Union Resistance in Argentina'. Organisers: Argentine Support Movement.

BUDDHIST SOCIETY, 58 Eccleston Square, London SW1. Sat. 17 Sept. 3 p.m. 'Open Day'. Tues. 20 Sept. 6.30 p.m. 'Introducing Buddhism'. Wed. 21 Sept. 6.30 p.m. Public Lecture 'Layman's Zen'—Basil Sladen. All welcome. Send s.a.e. for full programme.

THEOSOPHY. Informal Forum on Basic Theosophy. Sun. 18 Sept. 8 p.m. All welcome. S.a.e. for free literature and book list. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

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